CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 106,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

U. S. P. A.

SEE FIFTH PAGE.

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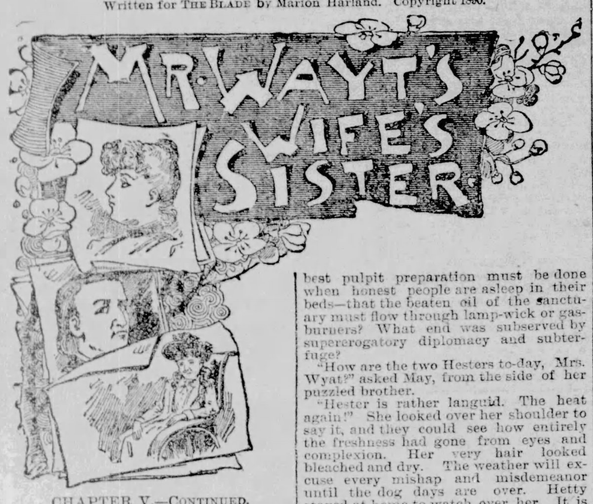
Our Serial Story.

Written for THE BLADE By Marion Harland. Copyright 1890.



CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

ACROSS the shallow garden he could see that her hair was combed to the crown of her head for coolness, and coiled loosely there. Now that he was nearer to the house, he distinguished another voice, also a woman's, dictating, or reading, as the flying fingers manipulated the keys. Drawing out his repeater, he struck it. Half-past twelve!

"I have been sorely interrupted in my pulpit-preparation, this week," Mr. Wayt had informed Mrs. Gilchrist, on taking leave that night. "I fear the sunlight will extinguish my midnight argand burner. 'The labor we delight in physicks pain,' and, with me, takes the place of slumber, meat and drink."

Impressed by an undefined sense of trouble, March stood, his hand upon the gate, almost decided to go up to the house and inquire if aught were amiss. While he cast about in his mind for some form of words that might account for his intrusion, Mrs. Wayt's figure came forward and offered, with one hand, a glass of water to her sister. In the other she held a paper. Without taking her fingers from the type-writer, Hetty raised her head, Mrs. Wayt put the glass to her lips, and, while she drank, dictated a sentence from the sheet in her hand. In the breezeless hush of the July night a clause was audible to the spectator.

"Who has not heard the story of the drummer-boy of Gettysburg?"

"Click-click-clack! Click-click-clack!" recommenced the noisy rattle.

While Hetty's fingers flew, her sister fanned her gently, but the eyes of one were riveted to the machine, those of the other never left the paper in her hand.

March went back to his orchard camp, Thor at his heels.

It was closely-cloudy; the purple play of lightning was whitening and concentrating in less frequent lines and lances. When these came, it could be seen that thunder-heads were lifting themselves in the west. But the night remained windless, and the iterative click still teased the ears of the watcher. It was an odd vigil, even for an auxious lover, to lie there, gazing into the black abysses of shade, seeing naught except by livid flashes that left deeper blackness, and knowing whose vital forces were expended in the unseasonable toil.

What could it mean? Did the overladen girl add copying for pay to the list of her labors? And could the sister who seemed to love her, aid and abet the suicidal work? Where was Mr. Wayt? The play of questions took the measure and beat of the type-keys, until he was wild with speculation and hearkening.

At half-past two the rattle ceased suddenly. Almost beside himself with nervous restlessness, he sprang up and looked through the gap in the boughs. The light went out, and, at the same instant, the delayed storm burst in roar and rain.

CHAPTER VI.

Sunday, July 5, dawned gloriously, clear and fresh after the thunder-storm, to which Fairhill people still refer pridefully, as the most violent known in 30 years. The gunpowder and Chinese paper taint was swept and washed out of the world.

Mrs. Wayt, holding Fannie by the hand, and followed decorously by the twin boys in their Sunday clothes and church-ward-bound behavior, emerged from her gate as the Gilchrists gained it. In the white light of the forenoon, the eyes of the pastor's wife showed faded; groups of fine wrinkles were at the corners, and bistre shadows under them. Yet she announced vivaciously that all were in their usual health at home, except for Mr. Wayt's headache, and nobody had been hurt yesterday.

"For which we should return special thanks, public and private," she went on to say, walking, with her little girl, abreast with Judge and Mrs. Gilchrist, the boys falling back with the young people. "At least those of us who are the mothers of American boys. I can breathe with tolerable freedom now until the next Fourth of July. What a fearful storm we had last night! My baby was awakened by it, and wanted to know if it was 'torpetoes or fire-trackers!' Yet, since we owe our beautiful Sabbath to the thunder and rain, we may be thankful for it; also, as for many other things that seem grievous in the endurance."

"I hope Mr. Wayt's headache is not in consequence of having sat up until daybreak," as he threatened to do," the judge said, in a genial voice, that reached is son's ears.

March listened breathlessly for the reply.

"I think not. I did not ask him this morning at what time he left his study. He is not inclined to be communicative with regard to his sins of commission in that respect, but I suspect he is an incorrigible offender. He attributes his headache—verbally—to the extraordinary heat of yesterday. We all suffered from it, more or less, and it increased, rather than diminished, after sunset."

"Is Mr. Wayt well enough to take the service this morning?"

"O, yes!" quickly emphatical. "It would be a severe indisposition indeed that would keep him out of the pulpit. Both his parents suffered intensely from nervous and sick headaches, so he could hardly hope to escape. I have observed that people who are subject to constitutional attacks of this kind, are seldom ill in any other way, particularly if the headaches are hereditary. How do you account for this, Judge Gilchrist? Or, perhaps, you doubt the statement itself?"

March did not trouble his brains with his father's reply. The volubility of one whose discourse was generally distinctively refined and moderate in tone and terms, would of itself have challenged attention. But what was her object in saying that she had not inquired at what hour her husband left his study last night? Since she and her sister were in occupation of the room from midnight—probably before that hour—until 2 in the morning, she certainly knew that he was not there and almost as surely where he was and how engaged during those hours. Where was the need of duplicity in the circumstances? Was she committed to uphold the professional fiction, which her husband circulated vauntingly, that his best pulpit preparation must be done when honest people are asleep in their beds—that the beaten oil of the sanctuary must flow through lamp-wick or gas-burners? What end was subserved by supererogatory diplomacy and subterfuge?

"How are the two Hesters to-day, Mrs. Wyat?" asked May, from the side of her puzzled brother.

"Hester is rather languid. The heat again!" She looked over her shoulder to say it, and they could see how entirely the freshness had gone from eyes and complexion. Her very hair looked bleached and dry. The weather will excuse every mishap and misdemeanor until the dog days are over. Hetty stayed at home to watch over her. It is a source of regret to Mr. Wyat and myself"—comprehensively to the four Gilchrists—"that my sister is so often debarred the privileges of the sanctuary in consequence of Hester's dependence upon her."

"I have remarked that she is frequently absent from church," Mrs. Gilchrist answered.

Her dry tone annoyed her son. Yet how could she, bred in luxury and living in affluence, enter into the exigencies of a position which combined the offices of nurse, companion, housewife, seamstress and bread-winner?

Mrs. Wayt took alarm.

"Poor child! she hardly calls herself a church-goer at all. But it is not her fault. She thinks, and with reason, that it is more important for me to attend service regularly—for the sake of the example, you understand—and we cannot leave our dear, helpless child with the children or servants. She gets no Sabbath except as my sister gives it to her. I am anxious that the true state of the case should be understood by the church people. Hetty would grieve to think that her enforced absences are a stumbling-block."

Her solicitude was genuine and obvious. Judge Gilchrist offered an assuasive:

"We must have a telephone wire run from the pulpit to Miss Hester's room. I have known of such things."

"I don't believe that Hester would care to keep her room Sunday mornings then!"

"OH! THOR! THOR!" SHE CRIED IN A PASSION OF TEARS.

whispered Percy, *l'enfante terrible* of the Wayt family. "She says family prayers are all she can stand."

March, the recipient of the saucy "aside," cast a warning look at the tell-tale. Inwardly he was amused by the unlucky revelation. Spoiled child as Hester was, she had marvelously keen preceptions and shrewd judgment. She saw through the jugglery that deceived the mass of Mr. Wayt's followers, and rated correctly the woth of his capital.

He juggled rarely to-day. Even his voice partook of the spread-eagle element which interfused Divine services, as conducted by the popular preacher. The church was full to the doors, many of the audience being strangers and sight-seers. The number of "transients" increased weekly.

"He is like fly-paper." Hester had said, this very Sunday, as the skirts of his well-fitting coat, clerically-cut and closely-buttoned, cleared the front door. "Out of the many that swarm and buzz about him, some are sure to stick—that is, take pews! That is the test of spiritual husbandry, Hetty! I believe I'll be an infidel!"

"Don't be utterly absurd!" answered her aunt in a spiritless way. "I haven't the energy to argue, or even scold. 'Let God be true, and every man a liar.' God forgive me, but I am ready, sometimes, to say that all men are! But I can't let Him go, dear!"

Mr. Wayt gave out the opening hymn in tones that would have been clarion, but for an occasional break into falsetto that brought to March's irreverent mind the wheezing drone of a bag-pipe.

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray!
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation
Groaning for its latter day!"

His text was, as was his custom, startlingly peculiar:

"Only the stump of Dagon was left to him."

It was a political discourse, after the manner of a majority of discourses which are miscalled "National," government jobbery, nepotism and chicanery; close corporations, railway monopolies, municipal contracts—each had its castigation; at each was hurled the prophecy of the day of doom when head and palms would be sundered from the fishy trunk, and no image form be dominated by God's truth marching on.

March listened for awhile, then reverted to matters of more nearly personal interest. Last night's incident had left a most disagreeable impression on his mind, which was confirmed by Mrs. Wayt's demeanor. May's assertion of the Voltairian flavor recurred to him more than once. No! the specious advocate of public reforms and private probity did not "ring true." And protest as Hester might, with all the passion of a forceful nature, against her father's double ways, he was her father, and the ruler of his household. His wife, it was plain, believed in and imitated him.

Gazing at the pale, large-featured face of the orator, now alive with his theme, and glancing from this to the refined, faded lineaments of her whose meek eyes were raised to it from the pastor's pew, he was distrustful of both. He wished Hetty were not Mr. Wayt's wife's sister, or that he could marry her out of hand, and get his brother-in-law, once-removed, a call to—Alaska! Her, he never doubted. Their acquaintance had been brief, and scanty opportunities of improving it had been vouchsafed to him of late; yet she had fastened herself too firmly upon affection and esteem to admit of the approach of disparaging suspicion. She might be a slave to her sister and her sister's children. She could never be made a tool for the furtherance of unworthy ends. She would not have said: "I did not inquire at what hour Mr. Wayt left his study last night!" If she spoke, it would be to tell the truth.

At this point an idea entered his brain, carrying a flood of light with it. Mrs. Wayt was an author—one of the many ministers' wives who eke out insufficient salaries by writing for Sunday-school and church papers! It was a matter of moment—perhaps of ten dollars—to get off a MS. by a given time, and Hetty had taken it down in typewriting from her dictation and the rough draughts. Of a certainty, here was the solution of the mysterious vigil, and of Mrs. Wayt's equivocation! She looked like a woman who would write over the signature of "Aunt Huldah" in the Children's Column, or "Theresa Trefoil" in the Woman's Work-table, and dread lest her identity with these worthies should be suspected by her husband's people, or by even "dear Percy" himself.

March experienced a blessed letting-down of the whole system—surcease from worrying thought, so sudden that a deep sigh escaped him that made his mother glance askance at him. Instead of admiring the brave industry of the true wife he had suffered a whimsical prejudice to poison his mind against her. He despised himself as a midnight spy and a gossip-hunter, in the recollection of the orchard vigil. The patient, unseasonable toil of the sisters became sublime.

"*Who has not heard the story of the drummer-boy of Gettysburg?*" thundered the preacher, raising eagle eyes from the manuscript laid between the Bible leaves.

March jumped as if the fulmination were chain-shot. Mrs. Gilchrist, looking full at him, saw his color flicker violently, his fingers clinch hard upon the palms. Then he became so ghastly that she whispered:

"Are you ill?"

"A sharp pain in my side! It will be gone in a moment," he whispered back, his lips contracting into a smile. Rather a sword in his heart. The light within him was darkness. How foolish not to have solved the mean riddle at a glance! Mr. Wayt's sensational sermons were composed by his clever wife, and transcribed by her as clever sister! Here was the secret of the sense of unreality and distrust that had haunted him in this man's presence from the beginning of their acquaintanceship. The specious divine was a fraud out and out, and through and through a cheap cheat. No wonder now, at the swift itineracy of his ministry! His talk of midnight study was a lie, his pretence of scholarship a trick so flimsy that a child should have seen through it. He had gone to bed, the evening before, and taken his rest in sleep, while his accomplices got up to order the patriotic pyrotechnics for the next day.

No wonder that Mrs. Wayt's eyes were furtive and anxious, that there were crowsfeet in the corners, and blstrerings about them after that July night's work!

No wonder that the less hardened and less culpable sister-in-law shunned church services!

The sword was double-edged, and dug and turned in his heart. For the girl who lent aid, willing or reluctant, to the deliberate deception practiced in the Name which is above all other names, had a face as clear as the sun, and eyes honest as heaven, and he loved her!

The main body of the audience could not withdraw their eyes from the narrator of the telling anecdote of the drummer-boy of Gettysburg. The story was new to all there, although he had assumed their familiarity with it. It was graphic: it was pathetic to heart-break; it thrilled and glowed and corruscated with self-devotion and patriotism; it was an inimitable illustration of the point just made by the orator for who was carried clean out of himself by the theme. And not one person there—not even March Gilchrist, fiercely distrustful of the man and all his works—suspected that it was an original incident, home-grown, home-soung and home-woven. Write it not down as a sin against the popular pastor of the Fairhill First Church that the Gettysburg hero was a twenty-four-year-old child of the speaker's brain. If the well of the Press, and the foundry of Tradition can not turn out illustrations numerous and pat enough to suit every subject and time, private enterprise must supply personal demand.

"I think young Gilchrist was ill in church, to-day," observed Mr. Wayt to his wife that afternoon, as she fed him with the dainty repast he could not go to the table to eat.

He lay on the settee in the wide, cool hall, supported by linen covered cushions. She had brought him as a persuasive first course, a cup of delicious bouillon, ice-cold, and administered it to him, spoonful by spoonful.

"He changed color, and seemed to be in great pain for an instant," he continued, after another sip. "His mother looked very uneasy, and, apparently, advised him to go out. I judged from his fluctuations of color that it was vertigo—or a severe pain in the head. He would not leave until the services were over. I have few more attentive hearers than March." Another sip. "If I should be the means of bringing him into the church, it would be a happy day for his pious mother. Should my headache abate in the course of an hour or so, I will look in and inquire how he is. It would only be courteous and neighborly."

In the adjoining dining-room, the door of which the draught had opened a few inches, the family-circle of the solicitous pastor heard every word of the communication, although his accents were subdued by pain.

Sharp-eared-and-eyed Perry winked at Hetty.

"He won't find Mr. Mark Gilchrist," he mouthed in a fashion invented by himself, to convey pert speeches only to the person for whom they were invented.

He went to New York on the 5 o'clock train. I saw him. He said he was going to dine with a friend. I heard him. A man asked him. Another slice of beef, please, Hetty! Rare, and a bit of fat! Some gravy on my potatoes, too!"

Hetty had shunned the orchard since the day of the last sitting. Secated behind the shuttens of her chamber window, she had seen, almost every day, Thor bound across the grass in pursuit of a figure partially hidden by the lower branches. Since March frequented the spot, it was no resort for her. She had no time for play, she told Hester gently when she pleaded for a return to the pleasant lounging and talk "under green-apple boughs." Homer could draw the carriage down the garden-walk and through the gate and leave the cripple there with books and color-box, whenever she wanted to go. Hester often brought back stories of chats and readings and painting lessons with the brother or sister—sometimes with both. Occasionally March came to the parsonage with a message from his sister to the effect that she had taken Hester home with her for the day or evening, and would return her in good order. He was apt to insist upon leaving the message with Hetty, if Mary Ann or one of the children answered his ring. Mr. Wayt's wife's sister would obey! the summons in person, but she did not invite the hearer in.

She ran down in the simple morning-gown, or almost as plain afternoon dress, without waiting to remove her sewing-apron, heard what he had to say gravely, and replied civilly, as might a servant or governess. And, day by day, he marked the lessening round of cheek and chin, and the deepening of the plait between the brows. She could not know that he went away, each time pitying and loving her the more, and furious at the cruelty of the demands upon her time and strength. She could not have altered her behavior, unless to grow more formal, had she divined all.

But for the orchard outings Hester would have had but a dull summer of it. As it was, it was the happiest of her life. She actually gained flesh, and her cheeks had the delicate flush of a sweet-pea blossom. She mellowed and mollified in the intercourse with the sound, bright natures of her new friends. Prosperity was teaching her unselfishness.

Hetty had a proof of this after the Sunday dinner was eaten, and there still remained a long hour of sunful daylight.

"I have a charming book which Miss May lent me yesterday," she said, as her custodian inquired what she should do for her entertainment. "And now, that mamma has set the children to studying their Sunday school lessons for next week, you ought to have a breathing-spell, my poor dear. You are bleaching too fast to please me. You can't plead 'work to do' for once."

Hetty yielded—the more, it would seem, because she had not the strength to resist love-pleadings than from any desire for the "outing" recommended by Hester. Taking shawl and cushion with her, she passed down the garden-alley to the gate. There was a broad track through the orchard, worn by the wheeled chair and Hester's attendants. It led straight to the king apple tree. From this bourne, another track, not so distinctly marked, diverged to the white picket fence shutting in the Gilchrist garden. Hetty's feet had never trodden this, she reflected with a pang, after she had settled herself against the brown trunk. It was most probable that she never would.

Her one little dream was dead, and she was too practical a business woman to resuscitate it. Her consistent plan of avoiding March Gilchrist, and abjuring the painful sweet of association with his sister was adopted before she r turned to the house from her ineffectual quest for Homer and the parsley. She was filled with wonder, in looking back to the time (was it three minutes, or thirty?) she had wasted, leaning on the gate, enveloped in lilac perfume as in a viewless mantle, and daring to feel as other and unexceptional girls feel—that she could have forgotten herself so utterly. She said—"so shamelessly."

"The worm on the earth may look up to the star," if it fancies that method of spending an ignobie life, but star-gazing and presumptuous longing for a million centuries would bring planets and worms no nearer together. Hetty was very humble in imagining the figure. Some people must live on the shady side of the streets, where rents are low, and green mold gathers upon stones, and snails crawl in areas. If the wretches who pune and pale in the malaria-breeding damps would not go mad, they must not look too often across the way where flowers and people bloom. If they do, they must support the consequences.

This misguided girl had looked. She was now suffering. That she merited what she had to bear did not make the pain less.

Unwittingly she had spread her shawl where March had laid his rug last night. The rough bark of the tree-bole hurt her presently. Her gown was thin, and her flesh less firm than it had been six weeks ago. She slid down upon the shawl, her head upon the cushion, and reached out, in idle misery, to pick up some withered leaves and small unripe apples scattered on the grass. March had dropped them while harkening to his sister's criticism of the Bohemian household. She was as idly—and as miserably — tearing apart the leaves toughened by the heat of the day, when

"I BELIEVE I'LL BE AN INFIDEL, SAID HESTER.

she heard a joyous rush behind her and felt the panting of hot breath upon her neck, and Thor was kissing her face and licking her hands. She sprang to her feet and cast a wild glance along the path and under the trees. There was no one in sight. The grounds were peremptorily posted, and no vagrant foot ever crossed them. She took in the situation at once. March had gone to New York on the 5 o'clock train; the dog, wandering aimlessly about and missing his master, had espied her, and accepted her as a substitute. She knelt down and clasped her arms about his head; laid her cheek to his burly muzzle.

"O! Thor! Thor! you would help me if you could." Just as she had fondled him in those far-away, blissful days. Her hand was tangled in his coat when, looking across his huge bulk, she had met March Gilchrist's eyes. True eyes—and bonny eyes! which must never read her soul again.

"Thor! dear Thor!" She cried it out in a passion of tears.

The faithful fellow moaned a little in sympathy. The more eloquent than human longing to comfort the sorrowing, never seen except in a dog's eyes, filled and rounded his.

"I wouldn't cry if I could help it, dear," said Hetty, her arch smile striking through the rain. "And nobody else should see me shed a tear. You are my only confidante: and I do believe you understand—a little."

He was not an indifferent consoler, it appeared, for in fifteen minutes both of them were asleep, their heads upon the same cushion.

The sunset sea breeze rustled the stooping boughs. Arrows of greenish-gold, tipped with fire, were shot at random between the leaves at the sleeping pair. Hetty was very pale, but the grieving droop of the facial lines, the slight fullness of the lower lip, and the slow curve of the arm thrown above her head made her seem like a child. She looked what she was, fairly tired out—weariness so intense that it would have chased slumber from the eyelids of an older sufferer. She had cried herself to sleep, Thor's presence giving the sense of protecting companionship the child feels in his mother's nearness. The cool breath of the approaching twilight, the grateful shade and Sabbath stillness did the rest.

Now and then a long, broken sigh heaved her chest, and ran through her body. There was the glisten of tiny crystals upon her eye-lashes Once, she sobbed aloud, and Thor moved uneasily now, she had seen, almost every day, Thor bound across the grass in pursuit of a figure partially hidden by the lower branches. Since March frequented the spot, it was no resort for her. She had no time for play, she told Hester gently when she pleaded for a return to the pleasant lounging and talk "under green-apple boughs." Homer could draw the carriage down the garden-walk and through the gate and leave the cripple there with books and color-box, whenever she wanted to go. Hester often brought back stories of chats and readings and painting lessons with the brother or sister—sometimes with both. Occasionally March came to the parsonage with a message from his sister to the effect that she had taken Hester home with her for the day or evening, and would return her in good order. He was apt to insist upon leaving the message with Hetty, if Mary Ann or one of the children answered his ring. Mr. Wayt's wife's sister would obey! the summons in person, but she did not invite the hearer in.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the Tragedy of the Future.

Bismarck—The Emperor's a brute.
Mrs. Biz—Why so, O man of blood?
Bismarck—He doth burlesque.
Mrs. Biz—And how, O Iron ex-Chancellor?
Bismarck—When he did seek to know the status of me health, he put it thus: "How doth the little Bizzy be?"
Mrs. Biz—Ye gods! What baseness here there is!—[Life.

The One Thing Needful.

"I see there is an insurance company against burglars in London."

"Now, if they'd only insure us against insurance companies, what a happy world this would be."—[Puck.

JULY.

The sun beats down in deadly, scorching rays,
Blinding the eyes of those who closely gaze.
O'er emerald diamonds flies the twirling ball,
And tramps lounge round the white-hot city hall.

By rushing hoofs the treacherous turf is pressed,
And each wise man discards the cramping vest,

To sea-washed shore the summer girl has flown,
Wives leave their husbands in town alone,
(Which proves their innocence and verdant minds,
And lack of knowledge of the tie that binds).
Now tender lovers through the twilight pass,
And catch pneumonia in the dew-wet grass;
Now small boys fish in every running brook,
And each young matron triumphs o'er her cook.

The squalling babe is cursed by summer ills,
In spite of Someone's Famous Summer Pills.
On brown-stone stoops fond youths and maidens spoon,
And talk insanely of the summer moon.
Now roasting mortals fly to Coney Isle,
And eat small dinners with a great, big smile,
A smile that would imply the best of cheer,
Although they dine on Frankfurters and beer.

And you remark, with simulated glee:
"Yes, thank you, it is hot enough for me."
And each exclaims, as each one stands aghast,
Geewhittaker! July has come at last!
[Evening Sun.

HOT WEATHER HUMOR.

A Maine paper tells of an absent-minded man who dropped his gold-bowed eye-glasses into the contribution plate and carefully placed a ten-cent piece in his eye-glass case.

While the learned professor was writing his great work, he was so absorbed that for eight days he salted his soup with the sand from his writing desk and never knew it.—[Fliegende Blaetter.

Wife—"Clarence, I hear burglars trying to get in at the front door!" Clarence (who has been out late)—"If they have as hard a time as I did an hour or two ago, I pity them."—[Munsey's Weekly.

School Teacher (severely)—"You are half an hour late this morning." Little Boy (who was "kept in" the day before)—"Yes'm. It was late, yeste'day, when I got home."—[New York Weekly.

The professor, drawing a letter out of his pocket: "It is very strange. I'm sure I put this letter in the letter-box, but," searching further, 'goodness gracious' where's my handkerchief?"—[Philadelphia Times.

She (yawning as the clock is on the point of striking 12)—"Isn't there a game played with cards in which one goes out and the other stays in?" He—"Yes; it's called p——." "Well, let's play it. I'll stay in." He didn't stay long after that. —[Norristown Herald.

Jimmy—"Ma, can I have that candy on your dressing-case?" Mother—"Yes." (Jimmy makes no motion toward taking it.) Mother—"Why don't you take it if you want it? Why, I declare, it's gone!" Jimmy—"Yep. I ate it before I asked you for it."—[Lawrence American.

They got a mountain lion at Dallas and put two bulldogs into the inclosure to fight him. The dogs pitched into each other and the lion lay down and chuckled. No single dog would fight him, and every time two were put in they would go at each other, and the show was a failure.—[Detroit Free Press.

How a "Ringer" Got Left.

One of our boys was over in the Mohawk valley one day, and on that same day a couple of chaps came into a village on a tin-peddler's wagon. They were driving a horse which could have fooled no one but a bayseed. Any one posted on the points of a trotter would have put him down as good for less than three minutes. This was in the olden days, when a horse showing a clip of 2.50 was looked upon as a marvel.

The peddlers found the usual crowd at the village tavern and it didn't take them two hours to get up a match with the 'boss trotter of the neighborhood.' It was best two in three for $50, and the 'boss' of the horse won both heats in 2:55. It was evidently a put-up job to skin the rustics, and, as they were headed our way, we determined to be ready for them. We sent a hundred miles after a trotter, scraped our dollars together, and the day the peddlers arrived we had our nag drawing manure with a cart. The peddlers arrived at about 11 o'clock and after dinner, as we all sat on the veranda, one of them carelessly inquired:

"Got anything in horse-flesh to brag of here?"

"One purty fair hoss," replied the village cooper, who had a dreadfully innocent look on his fatherly face.

"Can he go?"

"Wall, he's cleaned 'em so fur."

"Our old hoss does a mile fairly well."

"Yes?"

"And, just for the fun of the thing, we sometimes trot him."

"Yes?"

"Can't we get up a go?"

"Wall, our hoss is no cheap animal. We'd want to make it a hundred at least."

"We'd rather make it $250."

In ten minutes we had the money up and the race agreed to. We had no track, but the highway was broad and smooth, and "it was to be a mile straightaway. The peddlers brought in a sulky they had left just out of town, our horse was provided with another, and every man, woman and child in that town turned out. The race was square up and up, and our horse got the first heat by three good lengths. We saw that the peddlers were buzzled and anxious, but they had sand, and each put up his watch for $50 more. It was a fair, even start on the second heat, and the pace was even for a quarter of a mile. Then our horse began drawing away, and when he went under the string he was thirty feet ahead. The peddlers gave up the stakes and sat down by themselves and had a talk, and then the spokesman finally moved over to where the cooper stood and said:

"We see through it, and we can't squeal. As for your getting an old 'ringer' to match ours we haven't any fault to find, but what harrows up our souls and makes us long for rest beyond the grave is the idea that we were taken in and done for by such a benign old cuss as you seemed to be, but ain't? I'll tie both feet and one hand and fight you for the hoss and wagon!"—[New York Sun.

According to Cushing.

I heard a pretty good story about a certain ignorant Justice who does business up in Fulton county. The Justice was elected over an able but very unpopular lawyer, and his first case was that of a prisoner charged with violating the fishery law. The complaint and warrant were defective, and this the defendant's attorney took exceptions to in a masterly argument, winding up by moving the prisoner's discharge.

"Is the motion seconded?" asked the Justice.

"It is," replied the prisoner.

"Gentlemen," continued the Justice, "it is regularly moved and seconded that the prisoner be discharged. All those in favor of the motion say aye."

"Aye," from the prisoner and his counsel.

"Opposed, no."

Silence followed, and after a short pause the scaleholder said: "The motion is carried and the prisoner is discharged." Whereupon, to the surprise and amusement of all, court was declared adjourned.—[Amsterdam Democrat.

Couldn't Blow Out the Gas.

Tom Battle was in town Sunday. Tom recently spent a night at the home of an Alabama farmer, whose source of illumination was circumscribed to lightning bugs in beer bottles. When Tom got ready to retire he was shown to his room and given a bottle in which were a pair of these bugs, and while he disrobed with one hand shook the bottle with the other, which kept the bugs stirred up, and they gave him plenty of light to go to bed by.—[Leary Courier.

Blowing Yet.

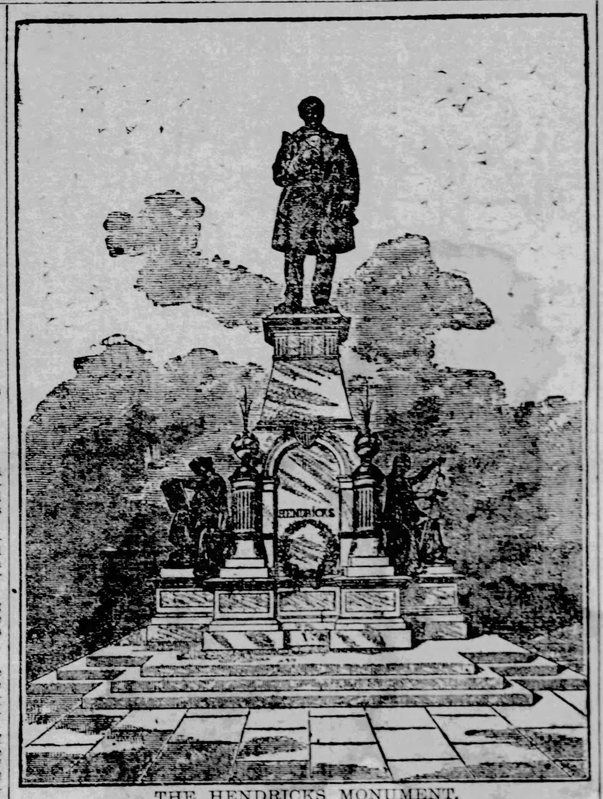
"We still hear of a tornado occasionally out west."

"Oh, yes; that part of the country is as windy as zephyr."—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Of Course She Was a Miss.

Goslin.—Commentators say that Cleopatra was a myth.

Sappy.—Yeth; I understhand that she never was married.—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.



THE HENDRICKS MONUMENT.

Above is a cut of the memorial of the late Thos. A. Hendricks, unveiled at Indianapolis on July 1, and described in last week's BLADE.

MARK TWAIN'S CORN-COB.

Just Now He Smokes No Cigars, but Plays Billiards.

The latest whim of Mark Twain is one that causes his friends some amusement, and the strangers who know him by sight only some surprise. It has also led to rather embarrassing complications on one or two occasions.

About the time that the humorist's latest play was given its representation he appeared in public places smoking an old-fashioned corn-cob pipe. At the New York hotel he lounged about the elegant marble-floored lobby smoking the plebeian pipe. Even while walking Fifth avenue and Broadway he had it between his lips, thereby commanding general attention as the solitary individual in all the vast throng who dared smoke a corn-cob on the public streets.

Why he does it no one surely knows, but it is reported that he undertook a wager with a friend, relating, in some manner, to the production of the play, and which required him, if he lost, to smoke nothing but a corn-cob pipe.

A few days ago, while seated upon a sofa in the hotel lobby, and emitting great clouds of smoke from the pipe, he offended a guest, who, having stared fiercely at him as though wondering at the impudence of a fellow who would do such a thing in the company of well-dressed gentlemen, at last remonstrated:

"Don't like the pipe?" drawled out the humorist; "why, that is a pity. It is like some people in the world; you don't like the looks of them at first, you understand, but the more you know them the better you like them."

The stranger, with the manner of contempt, walks away. Soon after he asked the clerk if any gentleman, a guest at the hotel, would like to play a game of billiards.

"Why, yes, there's Mark Twain. He's a crack billiard shot, and is always ready to play with a gentleman."

"Twain! Mark Twain! Why, I should be delighted. I never saw him and I'd like to know him. Why, I shall be honored."

The stranger went into the billiard room and the clerk hunted Mark Twain up, and having found him, led him to the billiard room. The corn-cob pipe was still between his teeth. He cast his eye over the stranger when the introductions were going on, gently blew a cloud of smoke from his lips, removed the pipe an instant and said:

"Delighted to play. Please string for a lead, while I refill my pipe. Do you know that I find the angles lose their angularity and the cue possesses a strange power of producing results it I smoke my pipe while playing? Wish I had another to offer you, but I haven't," and he nonchalantly refilled the pipe, betraying in no way his recognition of the stranger, who had regarded him as some lout who had strayed into the hotel.

When the stranger settled the score, after losing four straight games and the rubber, he said to the clerk: "Well, he may be peculiar about his pipes, but there's nothing funny about his billiards."

THE RIGHT KIND OF A FELLOW.

The right kind of a fellow is modest and mellow,
And generous and brave and benign:
His nature's apparent, and clear and transparent,
Like yours, kind friend, and mine.

He has no verbosity, no tongue tortuosity,
And never is boastful and loud;
He is gentle and quiet and light in his diet,
And never gets mad in a crowd.

He is grand and majestic, yet meek and domestic,
And spends his spare evenings at home.
He's a tireless searcher for all kinds of virtue,
Like the perpetrator of this "pome."

He don't play the fiddle, part his hair in the middle
Nor dress like an angelic dude;
When he goes to a party with Meigs or McCarty,
He never is noisy and rude.

He lives with frugality and sweet hospitality,
And wants but two times a day;
He never eats onions, nor treads on your bunions,
Nor growls when you get in his way.

He is wise and he's witty, preserving and gritty,
And has a magnificent head;
He's all light and sweetness, he's thorough completeness;
He's perfection, in short—*but he's dead!*
—[Orchard Lake Howitzer.

Thirteen Engagement Rings.

There is a young woman in an Eastern town who has worn about her white throat, during the past season, a very handsome diamond necklace, set with thirteen single stones of considerable value. As the parents of the young women were not persons of wealth, the ornament naturally was the occasion of considerable speculation among her women friends. Finally one young woman, more privileged or more audacious than the rest, remarked on the beauty of the necklace, and asked how she came to have it. With charming frankness she replied.

"Of course it is a very valuable thing, but really its chief value is in its associations. Each one of these stones has a separate and sweet memory for me. You see, its a composite, and it is made out of the diamond engagement rings that I have worn at different times. There were thirteen of them, and naturally I couldn't go on wearing them, and as I didn't return them for fear of wounding the feelings of the men, I just had them all set together in a necklace. And now I can wear them all at once comfortably, and besides, you see how handsome an ornament I have."—[Argonaut.

Reassuring.

Slim Dude (to bartender) — Pleathe give me a glath of whithky. I feel thick.

Bartender—Well, then, ye look thin.

THE ART OF BEING COOL.

Some Sensible Suggestions for Summer Swelterers.

First, things corporeal:

Eat as little as possible. Eat no meats, no hot pastry.

Drink as little as possible. Drink no iced water below the natural temperature of the water as it comes from the pipes in the earth. Drink no alcoholic liquors, consume no soups or beverages that tend to increase the heat of the body.

Do not wear more clothing than is required for propriety according to the situation in which one is placed, remembering that light colors are cooler than dark and linen and thin silk cooler than wool or heavy cotton.

Wear as little of weight on the head as possible, keeping a moist handkerchief or green leaf well wetted under the hat, which should be broad brimmed. For walking, an umbrella, which reduces the heat on the head, is also to be recommended.

Always choose shade to sun. Never walk hurriedly. Do not run. If work is to be done, do it steadfastly and tranquilly, thinking nothing about the weather. If rest may be taken, the flat position of the body is best, because it makes the least strain on muscles.

Next things mental:

Feel kindly to all mankind.

Dismiss your egotism. The world has wagged along, no matter who failed to wag it. It will continue to wag. Nobody is indispensable. Few are even important. To be cool one must realize that one is not important. Not to feel important is one of the best ways to invite sleep. Sleep is the most perfect rest. Perfect rest is the best way to cool. If you read, choose cool poems, Wordsworth's, for instance. Do not read French novels or Ouida or Tolstoi or Ibsen or Swinburne or Shelly or Byron in warm weather, for the same reason that wines are not to be drank in warm weather. The mind in its hygiene is very like the body. The less one can realize that he is flesh in summer the better for him. If you want music in summer, let some one else make it.

The highest art in keeping cool is described by Wordsworth in "Tintern Abbey." It is to take one's self into

* * * that blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things—

and go to soundly to sleep.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

He Overlooked Long Branch.

Mr. Curbstein (pavement walker)—I dinks, Meester Guilderstein, you should gif me a summer vagation.

Mr. Guilderstein (prosperous merchant) —Mine cracious! Don'd you know us Hebrews is looked down on mit dose summer resorts? Shust you sthay righd here in vront of dis gloding emborium und breserve your self-respects.

New York's Crater.

Mr. S. I. Ferry—Broadway and Fulton street is the liveliest corner in America.

Mr. L. Train—Humph! A few more subway explosions will make it the deadliest.

Unsentimental.

Miss Prunella Prism—When I feel sad I read poetry.

Mr. Faxon—Humph! I'd as soon think of reading a cook-book when I feel hungry.

Probably.

"I am not well," said the Glass Eater.

"What's the matter?" asked the Ossified Humorist. "Got a pane in your stomach?"

His After-Dinner Smoke.

"Yes," remarked Bilkins at the club; "no matter how hurried I may be, I always enjoy my after-dinner smoke. I wouldn't miss it, even if I had to do without my dinner.

Not For Its Literary Quality.

Customer—What is the latest popular novel?

Dealer—This, sir. Here's one that I think will suit you.

"What is it celebrated for?"

"For the large sale it is meeting with."

On The Club Float.

Gorham—Rawther proper boat that of Turner's;

CIRCUS IN CENTRAL PARK.

CROWLEY'S TALENTED SUCCESSOR.

An Elephant Does Tricks that are Simple and Others that Are Not Only Difficult but Dangerous.

Since the death of the "late lamented" Mr. Crowley and his unfortunate mate, Miss Kitty O'Brien, the children who make up the vast majority of Central Park visitors have transferred their affections to Lizzie, the belle of the elephant house, says the New York *Herald*. Every pleasant day, from the hour when the chains that guard the doors are let down to the hour of closing, the space in front of the railing is packed with inquisitive youngsters, who look with awe upon the cumbersome movements of the huge captives behind the bars.

When Tip, in his awkward way, steps on the toes of Jack, the dog, the crowd surges around his cage, and either urge the dog on to revenge and a speedy death or give to him their youthful sympathies, depending upon the sex of the audience and the neighborhood from which they come.

Even Jimmy, the crossest and most uninteresting elephant in the country, comes in for his share of admiration, but the applause, the peanuts and

SHAKING HANDS.

cakes, candy and buns go to Lizzie, the performing elephant.

At certain hours every day Lizzie goes through her tricks, and tricks worth seeing they are, too, as you will agree if you take the pains to follow her through her programme as detailed below.

A party of little brown frocked orphan asylum girls crowded the pavement outside of the paddock back of the elephant

RINGING THE BELL.

house one morning last week, and formed a short but solid wall against the chain that separates the elephants' from the children's playground.

William Snyder, the elephant trainer, was giving little Lizzie her morning exercise and, seeing the attention she attracted, good naturedly gave an impromptu exhibition of the tricks he has taught her since she joined Superintendent Conklin's happy family nearly two years ago. Lizzie is called "little" not to distinguish her from another and bigger Lizzie, for there is no museum in the country that can boast of a more massive female attraction bearing that name, but because she seems little when compared with Tom, her mischievous cage mate, or big Tip, the man killer, or even surly Jimmy, who has a cage to himself and has never made friends with Jack, the best natured fox terrier that ever was bred and the special pet of the pachydermatous colony.

Every pleasant morning Snyder gives Lizzie an airing after he has cleaned out her apartment, and he usually takes advantage of the opportunity

BLOWING HIS NOSE.

to practice a few of the tricks she has learned, so that during the later hours of the day, when she gives her regular performances, no prompter may be necessary. The elephant is usually prompted with a long and steel-pointed hook, and the prompting generally makes an impression is that at once physical and mental—an impression that Lizzie responds to by a squeal that is almost human in its tone, and is expressive of penitence and pain as well.

"Good morning, Lizzie, said Snyder.

Lizzie was reaching for a succulent bunch of new mown grass in the further end of the paddock, and pretended not to hear.

"Good morning, Lizzie," repeated Snyder, a trifle more firmly.

Slowly and reluctantly Lizzie turned

FANNING HIMSELF.

around until she faced her traine. Then she gently seated herself upon her hind legs and short tail and lifted her left foreleg to be shaken.

"That will do. Now, how do you feel to-day? Well?"

Lizzie raised her trunk high into the air and gave a snort that made Jack bark and caused Tom to poke his hind out of the cage to see what was the matter.

Those readers of the *Herald* who have seen elephants do this same trick scores of times in circuses may not think that Lizzie's feat was at all remarkable; but they never could convince the spectators who witnessed this particular performance that Lizzie was not the most

MORNING PRAYER.

wonderful elephant and Snyder the greatest trainer in all the world. And in some respects the opinion of the children is not far from the truth.

It is not a difficult matter to train an elephant when the trainer has all the appliances used for that purpose at his command—great ropes and blocks and tackle wherewith to throw the unwieldly pupil over on its side, or tip it up on its hind legs or balance it deftly on its broad forehead—but when the whole course of tuition must be pursued in a small iron-barred room, with another elephant for a room-mate, the task seems almost insurmountable. Snyder, however, has an advantage over most trainers. He has had charge of Lizzie ever since she went into the show business when she landed here from India five or six years ago, a mere baby of an elephant, and before she was placed on exhibition in the park she had already showed a fondness for study and an affection for her trainer that made the battle comparatively easy.

"Now, Lizzie, show the little girls how you call the menagerie to breakfast."

Lizzie reached out for a small bell that was lying by the fence, and fitting the handle neatly into a loop she made for the purpose in her trunk, rang it violently, to the intense amusement of her audience.

"That will do. Now, tell me whether you remember the time you had with the grip last winter?"

Lizzie gravely nodded her head.

"You didn't like it, did you?"

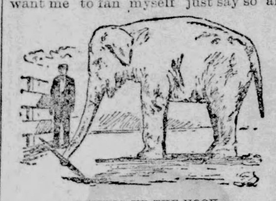
And the huge head shook until her ears flapped with a crack like the snapping of a whip.

"What did you do when you had the grip?"

Lizzie felt into Snyder's pocket and pulled therefrom a handkerchief. Holding this with the end of her trunk, she gave a mighty blast that scattered the grass at her feet. Then she carefully wiped her eyes with the rag and returned it to her trainer's pocket.

"Is it warm to-day?"

Lizzie blinked her little eyes at the spectators, and then wearily stretched out her trunk for an old palm leaf fan lying on the ground, as if to say, "Come, now, Snyder, we've had enough of this kindergarten catechism business. If you want me to fan myself just say so and



PICKING UP THE HOOK.

get through with it." But Snyder was inexorable, and kicking the fan out of her reach repeated his inquiry.

With a little sigh of resignation Lizzie nodded her head, not too enthusiastically, and wanted the next question.

"The thermometer is pretty high to-day isn't it?"

Lizzie again nodded.

"How high?"

And she raised her trunk about eight feet into the air.

"What do you do when you are hot?"

Lizzie looked as though she preferred to kill somebody about her trainer's size to doing anything else; but a glance at the hook that Snyder held persuaded her to concede her feelings, and she reached for the fan and vigorously fanned the incipient beard that covers her lower lip.

"Now, Lizzie," continued Snyder, "how is it that you have forgotten to say your prayers this morning?"

Lizzie, apparently, didn't know how it was.

"Well, it isn't too late now."

Slowly and gently Lizzie toppled over on her trunk and fore knees, doubling up her trunk like a roll of matting and remained in that position

BALANCING ON TWO LEGS.

until a loud "amen" told her that her devotion had come to an end.

"One thing more, Lizzie. Don't be in a hurry, the grass will keep. Fetch my hook to me." So saying, Snyder tossed his hook to the end of the paddock.

Lizzie followed it, picked it up and handed it to him, giving a grunt of satisfaction when the instrument of correction was once more out of her sight behind her trainer's back.

"The other looks like does," explained Snyder to the *Herald* artist, who formed one of the audience, "are either dangerous or very difficult. It has taken two years for me to teach them to her, and in one of them I run a chance of being crushed every time I put her through her paces."

"Show the children what a balancer you are," continued the trainer, addressing his big pupil, who was shifting her

STEPPING OVER THE KEEPER.

weight uneasily from one side to the other, like an awkward schoolboy on examination day. After a moment's hesitation the elephant lifted her left fore and hind legs and balanced herself neatly on the remaining two.

"Now, Lizzie, I want you to pay particular attention to what I am going to tell you. I am going to lie down, and I want you to hold up one foot and walk over me on three legs. Can you do it?"

Lizzie nodded and Snyder prepared a couch of grass on the soggy ground and stretched himself full length on his back.

"Go on."

Lizzie lifted up a fore foot and hobbled up to her trainer.

"Be careful now."

A little, awkward hop and the foot landed on the ground, grazing Snyder's checkered jumper.

"Go on."

Another hop and a hind leg was slowly raised and set down just clear of the trainer's arm.

"That's right. Once more."

Still another step and the fourth leg passed over the trainer's face, carrying his hat with it. A second later he was standing by her side and the outdoor performance was over.

"A great many elephants are taught to walk over men," said Snyder to the artist, "but Lizzie is the only one that does it on three legs only. It is very dangerous, as she cannot guide her feet as well as though she were on all fours, and the least misstep would make a vacancy in Mr. Conklin's staff that I would never be able to fill again.

The last performance was given in the elephant house, because it required the assistance of big Tom, who is altogether too playful an elephant to be trusted in the paddock unless he is securely hobbled. So into the house Lizzie tripped, a ton or two lighter in feeling, if not in avoirdupois.

A DOUBLE TRICK.

It was the work of five minutes to take the chains off Tom's feet—a work that he retarded by playfully unbuttoning his trainer's suspenders as he was stooping over the iron rings in the floor. After the shackles were loosed Tom was forced to roll over on his side, a feat that he performed with the most ungracious manner conceivable.

"Now, Lizzie," called Snyder, "up."

As a frog prepares to spring from a log, only more clumsily, Lizzie lowered her hind quarters and raised her fore feet to the top of Tom's back.

"Now salute."

And a great snort, ending in a shrill squeal, with her trunk pointing ceilingward, brought the circus to a close.

Not only is Lizzie interesting as a star performer. Her docility and good nature render her a valuable addition to the superintendent's workers. Last spring when the old buffalo house and the bird houses adjoining it had to be torn down and the lumber removed the work was given to Lizzie. She was hitched to the building by a great chain. At the word of command she started off and the building came down with a crash at her heels. For a moment there was danger. The elephant, frightened by the noise, made a wild break for the camel paddock. She was soon stopped, however, and when she found that there was no real cause for alarm she pulled down the other houses as quietly and with as little effort as though they had been built of cardboard.

A few months ago an effort was made to secure permission from the Park Board to let Lizzie be saddled, so that the children could ride on her back, as Jumbo once was ridden, but a lack of room in the Park caused the request to be denied.—[New York Herald.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Something About Okolona.

I WILL "fall in" for a few minutes, as Comrade Dan. Knight has been calling for me. I have been occupying a back seat for some months past, listening to Comrade Dan and others "spin their yarns." Besides, I did not want the editor and comrades to think I was trying to monopolize the Camp Fire department. And then, again, I have had my hands full attending to my disabilities, which occupies most of my time.

I noticed a "chip" from Comrade W. L. Probert, 4th U. S. Cav., speaking of the fight at Okolona, Miss. I never knew just what regiment did the tall running on that ever-to-be-remembered morning of February 22, 1864; or, rather, the regiment that started the stampede. We all had a hand in the running business before it closed, and for the space of an hour or so it was the worst mixed-up set I ever saw. Our colonel, J. M. Thomburge, of whom Comrade Probert speaks, acted like a hero in rallying the boys and holding the rebels in check. A braver man or a better officer than Col. J. M. Thomburge would be hard to find. But there were other brave men and officers who took an active part in the fracas, and after the stampede was over all fought and acted like heroes.

I would like to call Comrade Proberts' attention to another affair which occurred at or near Franklin, Tenn., on December 17, 1864, during Hood's retreat from Nashville. After we had driven the rebels out of the town, and some distance beyond, they made a stand on some ridges, which were open fields on both sides of the pike. The brigade to which my regiment belonged, under command of Gen. Hammond, was sent around on the left, while another large body of cavalry (if I am not mistaken, under command of Gen. Wilson), was sent around on the right, and the regiment to which I belonged was placed in the center, on the pike, with orders to charge as soon as the forces on the flanks had moved around to positions in rear of the rebel lines. Our regiment was led in this charge by Capt. Champion, of Co. E; but being a little too hasty we dashed forward, and into the rebel lines before our forces had reached the proper positions in rear of Hood's army. We dashed right up on the whole rear end of Hood's army, which by this time had begun to move. We began hacking with our sabres and they, in turn, retaliated by knocking our boys over the head with their guns. After spending a few minutes in this peculiar kind of amusement, we retired to a place of comparative safety, some distance to our left, in a body of timber, where we waited till the forces which had moved around on the flanks came up, when a battle line was formed extending across two large fields. At the sound of the bugle, every man started forward, and with a tremendous rush swept right on and over the rebel ranks, leaving quite a number killed and wounded on the ground.

Now, what I wish to call Comrade Probert's attention to is this: This first charge was made by the 4th Tenn. Cav., led by Capt. Champion, but the honor was given to the 4th U. S. Cav., and I believe so reported to the War department. Of course, the 4th U. S. Cav. were not responsible for the error. They were a set of brave boys, and did their share in helping to crush out the rebellion; but they should help to clear up the error, as both regiments (4th U. S. Cav. and 4th Tenn Cav.) have enough glory of their own, without claiming that which justly belongs to others. Come forward, Dan, and tell us whether or not you have made satisfactory settlement with those Tennessee girls about "grand-pa's hat."—JOSEPH GRIFFITH.

Forgive and Forget.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In reading over the letters from comrades in the Camp Fire, I frequently read items that I consider are neither a credit to the writer, nor an ornament to the paper that publishes them, nor an honor to the United States as a nation. There is no glory in crowing over a fallen foe.

"Triumph not over thine enemy; victory is alone sufficient."

I think, myself, that the rebellious states were not as severely used as they deserved to be. According to the universal rule of civilized warfare, the losing party has to pay the expenses of the war; and the eleven states that seceded should pay the cost of the war.

Our government, however, decided differently. It adopted the conciliation policy. There is nothing now to be gained by awakening old animosities that are fast going to sleep, and should have been asleep long ago.

Regarding the many little incidents that the boys delight in relating, I would recall a passage from an old English novel, in which one of the characters says:

"Many things are fitting to be done, that are not fitting to be boasted of."

Under the circumstances their actions, perhaps, were excusable, but the relating of these stories will not heighten the estimation of the American army, or unite the American nation.

These "boys" should also remember that had they been born and "raised" south of Mason and Dixon's line they would in all probability have worn grey uniforms during the war, in place of blue. A man's politics are much like his religion:

"He would in any other as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so!"

Let by-gones be by-gones. Let us bury the hatchet. The present is what now interests us, not the past.—JOHN S. BOWLES, Co. B, 5th O. V. C.

Guntown Experience.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Comrade Wm. H. Smith gives a little experience at Guntown, Miss. The 113th Regt., Ills. Inft., was the first infantry engaged. After marching 10 miles on the double-quick, we went into the fight all tired out. Many were prostrated by the heat before and during the fight. Our lines were formed in a half-circle. Our wagon train was ordered close to the rear, so that both flanks were badly mixed up with the teams, and we were obliged to fight our way to the rear. How we got out God only knows. As we fell back, contesting every foot of ground, I came up with a wounded comrade, and having no ammunition I concluded to help the comrade, as he could do nothing more. I got the comrade out of the ambulance and we waded the terrible swamp on the Ripley road. The commander of the expedition was ordered to Washington under arrest, but was soon given another command in Kentucky, and is still in the regular army. He was once superintendent of the Soldiers' Home at Washington, but was ousted from that position through a petition signed by the survivors of the Guntown expedition. Would be glad to hear from others who were in the fight and see how our memories will agree.—ALEX. HARPER, Co. D, 113th Ills. Inft.

Gave the Thing Away.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Out here in Texas I came across an old gentleman who was a civil engineer during the war, and was posted at Galveston, then occupied by the confederate forces under command of Gen. McAdoo. The engineer received orders to build fortifications; or, in other words, to fortify the city of Galveston.

A detail of troops to carry on the work of fortification reported to the engineer, and in due time the forts were built. The next question was where to get ordnance with which to supply the works. There was none to be had, it seemed, and so the old engineer suggested that they make a supply of wooden guns, and accordingly a lot were built. Then they hunted the town over and procured all the stove-blacking there was and polished the cannon. When all was in readiness the guns were placed in position, apparently ready for service.

Instructions had been left by the engineer to the effect that if any of the wooden cannon became disarranged or blown over, jim-poles should be erected and the dismounted guns hoisted into place with block and tackle.

Not long afterwards, one night, the town was visited by a severe wind storm and two of the guns were blown over. But instead of rigging up the proper appliances for hoisting the guns into position, as ordered, the men lifted the imitation guns into position with their hands, one fellow getting his back under a gun, lifting it into place.

A few days elapsed, and then a federal gunboat made a call under a flag of truce. The officers of the craft had witnessed the gun-lifting episode, while on board boat outside. The commander put the question to a confederate officer, when he met him:

"Say, what kind of d—— men have you got in that fort?"

"Why do you ask?" replied the reb.

"Well, I noticed the other day after the storm one man holding up one of those big Columbiads and another fellow driving a nail into a piece of wood to prop it up. They must be powerful men!"

So the old engineer's novel scheme was discovered, and the fact, when known, put the whole town and island in a commotion. But it was amusing to me to hear him tell the story.—JOHN M. COMPARET, Lieut. Col. 15th Ind. V. I.

Let's Hear From Marcellus.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Referring to the article inclosed, which is from a weekly newspaper, and which is a reprint from THE BLADE, written by Comrade Marcellus Reynolds, Co. C, 68th Ind. V. I., I would say, please do not publish such colossal lies for the "old boys." "Stand waist deep in water for ten days!" How did he sleep? How did he keep warm? I was in Cahaba prison at that time. The Alabama river overflowed the prison and for *nearly two* days we stood in water—at first an inch deep, at last more than a foot deep. In some parts of the prison water was waist deep; no man would stand in water three feet deep when he could find elsewhere water more shallow. One-fourth of the men could keep out of water by climbing on the bunks. All were on bunks or cord-wood "cob-houses" before two days. I have too tender a regard for my staunch old comrades to have their veracity placed in jeopardy by the publication of such senseless statements—such wholly unreasonable lies—as the inclosed clipping; and when some lunatic or idiot sends such rot to THE BLADE—our old-time, long-time friend—do, for our sakes, for the reputation of the humble heroes of the horrible Confederate prisons, draw a pen through statements so manifestly untrue.—CAHABA. [Comrade Reynolds wrote "two," but through one of the immutable errors ever present in a newspaper office it appeared "ten" instead.—EDITOR.]

The Battle of Jonesboro.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—A comrade of the Regulars does not like my account of the above battle, and says that the regular brigade was not repulsed, and that they are entitled to as much credit as the 3d Brig. in taking the works. Before replying I have seen several comrades, and they all say that my statements are true; and farther, after the Regulars were driven back, Gen. Davis (corps commander) asked Gen. Baird (our Div. commander) if he had a brigade who could take the works, and he said, "Yes, my old brigade can!" And we did. If the Regulars helped us out, I failed to see any of them, dead or alive. The 14th Ohio was on the extreme left, where there was an angle in the works, and we would have been glad to have had their help, as the rebel line extended more than a regiment beyond our left. We drove them from our front, but those on our left made it quite warm for us, until the 17th New York Zouaves came to our assistance. I know that the comrades of the 10th and 74th Ind., 38th and 14th Ohio, and 10th Kentucky think as I do—that we were the ones who should get the credit, and not a bit of it should go to any one else, except the 17th New York. If the comrade will take the trouble to see or write to Gen. Baird, who is in the Regulars yet, he will find that I am correct. If Gen. Baird says I am wrong, I will acknowledge to be the boss liars, and will write to Dan Knight, 5th Iowa, for the belt.—J. C. WERNER, 14th Ohio.

An Old Veteran.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was a corporal in Co. E, 3d O. V. C. This regiment was in the rear guard when Bragg chased us under Buell to Louisville. Three days' march from Louisville our horses "gave out," and we had to "foot it" the best we could to the city of refuge. Lieut. Curey and I crawled along on our hands and knees the last two or three miles before entering Louisville. I have not seen Sam for five years, but believe he lives in or near Toledo. If, by chance, Sam, you should read these lines let me ask you if you remember that shock of corn near Louisville; also, the capture of a goose at Woodville, Ala.

I was a private in Co. E, 1st regiment mounted riflemen, in the Mexican war. This regiment was commanded by Col. Crittenden, as good a man as the sun ever shone on. It was my good fortune to be with our army when it entered the city of Mexico. I served nineteen months in the last war. Am a member of Alvord Post No. 225, Trenton Michigan. Would be glad to hear from any old comrade.—EDWIN L. TENNY.

About the Alliance.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In THE BLADE, June 19, I noticed in the Camp Fire an article headed, "The Alliance and the Soldier." I desire to say that the sentiment expressed in that letter is truthful, and every old soldier should read and ponder over it. There can be but two parties—one for the veteran, and the other against him. I think it would be well for THE BLADE to look up and publish Alliance matters.

Boys, you have a fire under you! Don't stir it much, or you will get your fingers burnt, and that right badly.—J. M. COMPARET, 15th Ind. V. I.

Resolutions.

The following resolutions of respect were recently passed by Geo. H. Thomas Post, No. 5, G. A. R., Redfield, S. D.:

"*Resolved*, That in the death of R. H. McConnell, past commander of this post, we have lost an honorable and upright citizen and a true and faithful comrade. He has gone to answer the final roll call, and we extend our sympathies to his family in this their time of loss and bereavement.

"*Resolved*, That this resolution be printed in THE BLADE and a copy of the paper sent to the family of the deceased comrade.—J. E. UNDERHILL, commander; J. M. BEIDLEMAN, adjutant."

Chips.

W. R. Barnwell, editor South Dakota *Tribune*: Thanks for the poem you send, but it has already been published in THE BLADE'S "Old War Songs."

The second annual reunion of the 7th Mo. S. M. Cav. will be held at Pertle Springs, near Warrensburg, Mo., August 15 and 16, 1890. For further information, address G. WILL HOUTS, secretary, Warrensburg, Mo.

"Co. D., 7th Iowa," Vista, Mo., will find his query about "Sherman's Bummers," answered in the Question Bureau. All questions must be sent to that department. We can not answer them here.

The Great Benefit

Which people in run down state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that its genuine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the wasted parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

A Wrong Guess.

Brown—Can you tell me what is the funniest part of a dog?

Smith—His tail, I guess; it's such a wag.

Brown—No. The funniest part of a dog is his lungs.

Smith—How do you make that out?

Brown—They are the seat of his pants, don't you see?—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY

LUMBAGO,

Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache,

SPRAINS,

Neuralgia, Swellings, Frost-bites,

BRUISES.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Looking Ahead.

Puck.

"No, my man, this is not mine. It was a twenty-dollar bill I lost."

"But it was a twinty-dollar bill before I got it changed, Sor."

"What did you get it changed for?"

"Och, sure, so the owner could convayniently reward me, Sor."

DECORATE YOUR HOMES.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

As to Draperies and Ornaments—An Effective Corner—Drawing Back or Looping Curtains—Latest Artistic Novelties.

We read now and then of "How to live on $10.00 a week;" or "How to furnish a home on $3,000," but smile pityingly, especially if we've tried it.

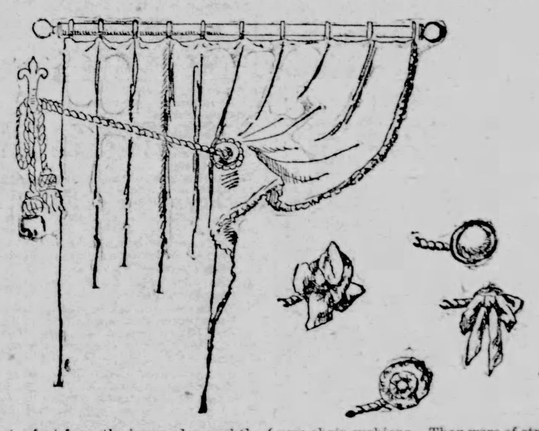
Any man who ever attempted to build a house on an architect's calculations and learned that a $5,000 plan ate into a $7,000 bank balance, knows with what bitter contemplation, with what utter contempt, such things as the average "hints on suburban home building" or "furnishing" can be regarded. The one great barrier to economic house furnishing is this: People who are most interested in the subject are usually in no position to attempt it; for to properly exercise any economy in interior decoration, one should at least have money enough to make a proper start. What ruins the appearance of many homes is the "picked up" look about them. They have no character. Picked up things may be cheap, but if they fail as a collection to harmonize then they cease to be decorative and the motive is lost. In the first place, then, your rooms must possess a character.

If a person should ask me "what style of house decoration is the most elaborate, luxurious, and necessarily the most costly?" I would say with no hesitation, "the Louis XV style." If asked "what is the most sensible, simple and necessarily the most inexpensive?" I would say "Fifteenth century style."

If asked, "would you furnish an entire house in one style?" I would say, "no. I would no more think of having every apartment dressed alike than I would put my family in livery. The monotony of such a home would be unbearable—enough to put a man in the mad house.

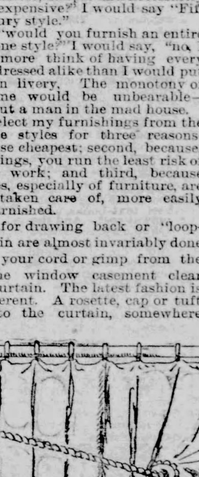
I would select my furnishings from the most simple styles for three reasons: First, because cheapest; second, because, in simple things, you run the least risk of getting slop work; and third, because simple pieces, especially of furniture, are more easily taken care of, more easily dusted or varnished.

The ways for drawing back or "looping" a curtain are almost invariably done by carrying your cord or gimp from the hook on the window casement clear round the curtain. The latest fashion is entirely different. A rosette, cap or tuft is affixed to the curtain, somewhere



about a foot from the inner edge, and the cord is attached to this, both front and back of the curtain. Endless innovation can be introduced upon this idea, the tuft can be covered by a bunch of artificial flowers or a heavy bow. If the drapery is on the Japanese order, you can cover the tuft with a crab or some such device from the Jap country.

During the past few years we have had in chairs and a few other odd pieces the Sixteenth century style—a style you will recognize by the worn look of the wood. A dark brown stained clothes-chest, for instance, shows natural wood on the edges, and wherever there is any carving the natural woodgrains are disclosed at prominent points as though the finish had been worn away. Now, back a century before this Sixteenth century period, the furniture used was still more primative; the artistic lines were all there, with the charm and richness of good taste; but the resources of the cabinet-maker were limited, and the work was by necessity severely simple. We show here a sideboard of the Fifteenth century, and it can be seen that, while the style is good, it is decidedly cheap. Take this, then, as the style for your dining-room, and you can proceed on safe and inexpensive grounds.



Folks say, "Oh, but the fabrics cost so much," and so and so. It's simply because you don't know what to ask for. Tell a friend that you have at your parlor windows a pair of genuine antique lace curtains, and tell some very grand; yet I know a retailer who is right now selling beauties, simple, of course, for $3 a pair.

Here is a list of cheap upholstery stuffs, all of which are shown in styles just as refined and correct, though possibly not in every case as elaborate as the best class goods:

Muslins for curtains, (shown in striped and checked ground, with beautifully embroidered designs); Madras for curtains, (sold by the yard or pair); cotton tapestries for curtains or coverings, (finest colorings and effects, many of them exact copies of the most expensive goods); cotton pongees for draperies, (imitations of the Chinese and India silks, same design, color and weight, but cotton chenille stuffs for curtains, (plain or figured, by the yard or pair); denin for draperies, (same as overalls are made of); cretonnes, pettit-points, ramies, spun silks, Canton flannel draperies and cotton plush. All of these goods are inexpensive but artistic.

Yellow is the color now that the decorators are all running to, yellow walls, yellow curtains, yellow carpets—with now and then just enough black to relieve it.

If women with artistic taste would drop their ambitions studio life and their daubs of landscape and get right down to decorative work for the upholstery trade, they would make more money, but somehow or other artists, like actors, go on struggling year after year, apparently fascinated by their precarious calling, all awaiting patiently and hopefully the master-stroke which will elevate them in a night. If Dora Wheeler had allowed her ambitions to rob her of her sound sense she never would have made the money she has or hold the position she now occupies in the decorative field. I know artists who would flourish if they would get down to book covers, but they soar to cloud painting. If they would do a ceiling their coffers would fill up, but they prefer babbling brooks and canvas bits, dust-covered, neglected, unremunerative. They won't work for the trade. Hand-painted wall hangings were some years ago only made by Mrs. Wheeler and the associated artists, but to-day other women have gone into the field and the upholstery stores gladly take all their work. They had the courage of their convictions and worked hard for the trade and the trade's necessities and many of them have, in consequence, made the salaries of bank presidents, while their Bohemian brethren are still sitting by the babbling brook.

A corner shelf canopy, one of the most universally decorative things that can be used in a house, is made by draping silken curtains from it. The old time corner shelf is thus made exceedingly rich looking. The edge of the shelf is dressed off by a narrow brass railing. The illustration shows the treatment.

Among the very latest decorative oddities which have come in to us from all the world over, are Japanse straw mats about five feet long, made in the same way as matting, only designed in colored straw in mat sizes.

Aprons worn by the peasantry of Hungary are utilized now for chair seats, they are provided with long fringe of a graceful decorative character.

Bamboo fish poles are split up and make excellent mouldings for wall panels. The fish poles cost about a half cent each in India. For every pole a cent and a half freight is charged and then incidental profits do the rest till 25 cents is charged for the mere rent of the things at the sea shore.

You never know nowadays when you are buying Chinese, Turkish or Japanese embroideries, for the decorative craze has encouraged the manufacture of table covers, scarfs and tidies, in this country, copied in the native colorings, design and textures of the Eastern weaver. The copy is generally remarkably true.

The story of sending warming pans to the Hottentots, where they were a dead failure as warming pans, but a glorious success as stew pots, finds a repetition in the big importation lately of a lot of Japanese chair cushions. They were of straw and coarse, and entirely unfitted for the purpose intended; but hung up on the wall, they make excellent memorandum cushions. They are fringed all round, the edge ornamented by three or four Chinese spiders, and long pins with tassels on the head ends are used to attach cards, letters or mems to it.

C. R. CLIFFORD.

A New Departure

from ordinary business methods is made by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in guaranteeing this world-famed remedy to cure all diseases arising from derangements of the liver or stomach, as indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness or "liver complaint," or from impure blood, as boils, blotches, pimples, eruptions, scalp disease, salt-rheum, scrofulous sores and swellings and kindred ailments. Money paid for "Discovery" promptly returned if, on fair trial, it don't cure.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

HOW A LADY LOVES DOWN IN TEXAS

I love you, dearest, with all my soul,
With the nerves of my brain, the blood of my heart;
I give you the perfect, the absolute whole,
Since I never could give it in part.
I worship the glow of your manly strength,
I hold you a prophet, a prince, a king!
But I will not study you more at length
To find you a meaner thing.

You take my no with a tragedy air,
As best becometh your blond physique;
You are perfectly grand in this fine despair,
I could watch you a day or week.
An ebb must follow the heaviest swell,
And passion's wave leaves a barren shore,
Your heart will be broken! you cry, "Ah, well!
I should love you so much the more."
—[Galveston Daily News.

For SOZODONT all ladies cry,
And gentlemen, or high or low,
For nothing else that they can buy,
Will give the mouth its freshest glow—
Will keep the teeth so sound and white,
And make the breath a sweet delight.

The Calf's Feelings Not Considered.

Sunday school teacher (concluding the parable of the prodigal son)—And then the father killed the fatted calf. Wasn't that noble and generous?

Freddy Hojack—Yes, but it was tough on the calf.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

According to Law.

"My heart"—the lawyer spoke by passion led—
"To thee, fair maiden, I surrender;
Pray give me thine and I shall prove," he said,
"That love is o'er a legal tender!"
—[Yankee Blade.

—Hall's Hair Renewer is free from alcohol and dyes that injure the skin. It is scientifically prepared, and will restore gray hair to its original color and vigor.

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

A Missionary Gives an Account of This Famous Structure.

The Rev. William P. Sprague, of Kalgan, North China, writes as follows to the *Missionary Herald:*

"If any one doubts the existence of China's great wall let him come with me to Kalgan, and see for himself the identical wall built by the first Emperor Chin in 200 B. C.

"Take a steamer across the Pacific to Titentsen, then a native boat up the Pei Ho river three days; then pack-saddle or mule-litter five days more, through mountains and plains to Kalgan. Before you reach the city you see a dark line along the hill-tops just beyond the town, and by the time you enter our compound you see the wall stretching away over the mountains as far as the eye can reach, both east and west, with towers on all the prominent elevations. As we pay it a visit for closer inspection you find it a windrow or ridge of reddish-brown porphyry, rock-broken, not cut, into irregular blocks. These are so well fitted to each other that the outer surface is tolerably smooth, and has somewhat the appearance of crazy-patch work.

It is about ten feet broad at the base and fifteen feet high, the sides sloping to a sharp ridge like a steep-house roof. You may follow this wall eastward to the sea, and westward to Kansuh, the northwestern province; and so doing you will have traversed the entire northern frontier of China, 1,500 miles. Though you find several hundred miles of adobe sun-dried mud wall, yet other hundreds of miles are of good brick, and higher than at Kalgan. By the time you have traced its length, you will be willing to concede not only that China has a great wall, but also that a ruler who could conquer so vast a country, drive out the invading Tartars, and build a fortification 1,500 miles long to keep them out, was worthy to be called the first emperor, and to give his name (China) to the country.

If any one laughs at the folly of spending so much labor on such a useless defense, let him remember that it was a defense only against horseback riders, armed with nothing but bows and arrows. A few guards on the watch tower could, with their signal fires on the mountain tops, easily arouse the villagers, far and near, to the defense of their homes. And this wall accomplished its purpose for over 1,000 years, when the great Ghenghis Khan with his brave Mongol followers broke their way through.

This section of the great wall becomes for half a mile the city wall of Kalgan. A beautiful temple is built on this wall to celebrate Ghenghis Khan's victorious passage.

This 2,000 year old wall is little known to the world at large, because there is another wall much oftener visited and described by visitors from the western world. It is near Pekin and a far more imposing structure. This is only an inner arm of the great wall, but 500 miles long, and not so old by 700 years. It is built of cut granite and good brick, and is 30 feet wide at its base, 25 feet wide at the top, and 30 feet high. It is a fine sight as it winds over the highest mountain tops.

JENNY LIND'S GRAVE.

Barnum Corrects a False Report—Talks of the Great Songstress.

Phineas T. Barnum was looking over the Auditorium building Saturday afternoon when the writer encountered him with the story written in England and reprinted in the *Tribune* from a New York paper, to the effect that Jenny Lind's grave is unmarked and neglected, that her last days were shadowed by the indifference of her husband, and that she died broken-hearted.

"Not a word of truth in it. It's false. Contradict it at once. If you don't, I shall over my own name. It is unjust to the dead—it is not fair to the living. Bless my soul! how do such things get into print?"

The smile, so familiar to the world, vanished from the great old showman's face as he spoke.

"I was over in the old country recently, as you know," he continued, with a quiver on his lips. "I went to Jenny Lind's home and saw and talked with her husband, Mr. Goldschmidt, and her daughter and her granddaughter, and they with me. As for the grave of the dear dead woman, it is marked by a monument in the shape of a cross. It is touching in its simplicity. But it is like her in that respect. It is costly and unique. The grave is strewn with fresh flowers every day, and most of these are sent down by the Goldschmidt family.

"There are a number of fine portraits of the nightingale on the walls of Mr. Goldschmidt's home, and several fine marble busts. Her memory is a perpetual theme in that house. Mr. Goldschmidt is a thorough gentleman, and talked with me about his dead wife in the tenderest way. I am sure he was sincere. And her daughter's voice was full of feeling when she spoke of 'poor mamma.'

"How could any one say that Jenny Lind's grave is neglected, and how could any one say that she died broken-hearted? Her whole life was a song. The last days were spent in singing for indigent clergymen. She was the most charitable woman that ever lived. I could make her cry in two minutes by telling her a story of poverty, and she always backed her tears with a purse full of money. It is a mistake to say the fame of Jenny Lind rests solely upon her ability to sing. She was a woman who would have been adored if she had had the voice of a crow. She was guileless, great-hearted, and her heart beat for the poor. She would have been known and loved if she had never sung a note. Of all the people with whom I have had relations as showman I became most attached to her. It was in 1850 that she came to me. I had never seen her until I met her on the vessel that brought her over. Dear Jenny Lind's name will live forever, and that she was not loved to her last breath, and that her memory is not tenderly kept, and that her grave is not covered daily with flowers is not true. Not true, sir. I hope the contradiction will be emphatic."—[Chicago Tribune.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

If you are Nervous,

and cannot sleep, try it.

QUEER THINGS IN LIFE.

A paper recently started at Julian, Idaho, has for its motto, "Grasp for all in sight and reach for more."

A bolt of lightning in a Kansas town recently struck a house and set it on fire and at the same time touched off the fire alarm.

A Kansas City editor has caused the arrest of a barber and his parrot because the latter was continually advising him to "get his hair cut."

Somebody who has been looking up the matter says that there are now only five states in the union in which a schoolmaster can legally flog a pupil.

A cowboy named Charles Morris was bitten on the nose six weeks ago by a skunk while lying asleep in camp near Prescott, A. T., and a few days since died in great agony of hydrophobia.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qual

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Very Likely Hydatids.

Mrs. L. M. F., Clay Centre: Your hogs are very likely affected with hydatids, or bladder worms in the kidneys. These worms cause complications of a serious nature. Treatment is difficult, and not certain. Give each hog a tablespoonful of salts in a bran mash, and rub well in on the back of each a tablespoonful of turpentine every other day, for four times. Keep the hogs in dry quarters. Improve the health of the animals by giving pure food. Allow none of it to become sour. Feed no corn for two or three weeks. Give them all a good supply of salt and charcoal at which to lick. This conduces greatly to the health of hogs affected with worms.

Horses Do Not Stand Heat—Horse Sweeneied.

W. C. B., McDonough county, Ills.: There is no medicine that will brace a horse up against heat. The best way is to work a horse very moderately on hot days and place a hood on his head to prevent the rays of the sun from striking the head with all their force. Every horse worked in open field where he can not receive the benefit of shade every hour during severely warm weather should be hooded. Until a horse gets used to the sun he should be worked very cautiously, and given plenty of rest in shade if possible. Otherwise he is liable to megrims. For the sweeny in your filly's shoulder take of acetate of lead, 1 oz.; vinegar, 1 pt.; water, 1 pt. Rub this lotion in well three times a day until all is used. Then take of iodine, ½ oz.; glycerine, 2 ozs.; mercurial ointment, 2 ozs.; olive oil, 6 ozs. Rub this in all around the joint, and for four inches from it. Wash off with warm water and soap before each application, which should be made once a day. The animal should have at least six weeks' rest in order to restore the muscles. Before beginning treatment have your filly examined for corns or disease of the foot. Nine cases of ten sweeney is the outcome of corns or other disease of the feet, principally the former. The manner of finding corns in a horse's foot has been explained so often in this column that it is unnecessary here to repeat it. If there is trouble in the feet, no remedy will restore the weakened muscles of the shoulder until the cause is removed.

Die Before Getting Out of the Shell —The Best Layers.

Mrs. M. M., Kinney County, Kansas: Dampen the eggs a little. It would be a hard matter to select the best layers from among the different breeds. Breeders differ on this point. The Plymouth Rock fowls, which you raise, are as good a general purpose bird as any. For egg producing, our selection would be the white Leghorn, or white Minorica fowl. They are a light bird, and not as profitable as the Plymouth Rock for market, although for the first eight weeks they gain rapidly in weight. For egg production, none of the heavier fowls should be kept over two years, and seventeen to eighteen months should be the limit for lighter breeds. As a rule, fowls are fed too much to lay well.

Lampas in Horse.

G. A. W., (no state): Lampas, so called from the red appearance of the part, from the Greek, *lampas*, a torch, is an active congestion, which, however, never proceeds beyond the condition of the upper gum and palate, immediately behind the upper incisor teeth. Give 2½ drachms of aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this, scarify the bars of the mouth with a sharp knife. Do not cut deeply. Wash daily with alum water and give the animal ten days' rest; for, if worked, he will lose condition. He should be given no corn, but plenty of soft food, easily digested. The entire mouth of the horse is affected by the changes that take place. The burning out of lampas is not resorted to but by few now. It is an old and unscientific practice.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cure for Colic.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Here is a recipe for colic in horses: Just fill one ear with cold water. This is warranted a sure cure for even the most severe cases. Try it and report to the Farmstead.—J. F. BRITTAIN, Kansas.

Grape-vines Do Not Bear.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Will some one please tell us what is the matter with our grapes? They were trimmed two years in succession. Last year had but few blossoms on. This year were very full, but not a grape so far is to be seen. Now, will some one tell us the cause of not bearing grapes, and what we are to do, or not to do. Some of the vines have run from ten to fifteen feet, and are still running.—MRS. WM. WILAND.

How Can It Be Fixed?

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Will some one with experience tell me how to fix my barn so that I may keep twelve or fourteen cows in it and save the manure, especially the fluids. The dimensions are 16x44 feet. What is the best floor—plank or concrete? What would be the probable cost of arranging said barn?—YOUNG FARMER, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Why Flax Should be Stacked.

S. H. Stevens, of the inspection department of the Chicago Board of Trade, sends THE BLADE the following:

To protect a matured field of flax by placing in stack at the proper time is a test of the acumen and thrift of the owner. It is the alert farmer who rises to a full comprehension of what the critical period of flax farming demands: his activity is stimulated by the knowledge that neglect or a slight delay in housing involves a depreciation in value, and that it might be the cause of the loss of his crop.

The solubility of flax seed in water is such that its exposure to rain, however slight, causes decreased weight and lessened value, while heavy and continued rains have frequently destroyed all that was left unprotected.

Flax seed that has been exposed in the field to the sun's rays until it is dry to brittleness, still holds a latent moisture, which will develop when the seed is confined in mass and result in heat and decomposition.

The above will explain to the country shipper why so much of his new seed grades "rejected" and "no grade." A wagon-load of uncured seed—although dry to the touch—will, when placed in a car or warehouse bin, in warm weather, become damp and warm. Flax seed threshed when in the dry condition described above, is liable to be much broken and pulverized; the stock will also break and be intermixed with the seed, thereby increasing the impurity.

In the inspection analsis of such broken and pulverized seed much must be classed as impurity, to the detriment of the shipper. The above being true, the waste at the threshing floor must be very large.

Look on the reverse side. Should rain fall on the flax exposed on the field while waiting for the machine or for other reasons, the straw becomes rotten and great difficulty is encountered in threshing, and the seed is unfit for storage and will not grade number one.

The reason why the Western cultivator of flax annually breaks down the flax seed market by throwing thereon in sixty days one-half of the crop, and that largely unfit for storage, has been an unsolved problem, but the reason is found in that general but ruinous habit of threshing from the field—for to thresh is to sell.

Having described some of the attendant dangers of the matured flax crop, I will suggest how these dangers may be easily avoided.

Well dried flax when stacked is reasonably secure, and is in position to yield a good return for labor. The sweet incidental to stacking passes the seed to that indispensable condition necessary to storage. It also imparts a toughness to the seed covering, and straw, which protects the former from breakage by the machine and gives the latter a desirable pliant tenacity.

With the million acres of flax grown in the West held well in hand, by reason of being gathered in barns and stacks, the owners, in place of breaking down the market, might control it, or, at least, they would be in a position to take advantage of any advance.

The flax having been properly stacked, it becomes by easy transition, when threshing day comes, flax-straw stacks, retaining at least one-half the value it had before being deprived of the seed.

The coarse, uninviting flax-straw is a true forage, as it is eaten with avidity and relish by all kinds of stock, giving a vigorous growth to the young, a healthy, thriving addition to the full-grown, and a shining coat to all, which is admirable proof that its constituents are in harmony with their organism.

But the above is the least of its value. It has impoverished the farmers' acres, but is prepared to repay with interest. It is estimated that each acre of flax grown takes from the soil 50 pounds of alkalies and 20 pounds of phosphoric acid, which shows that it is a most exhaustive plant. The seed, which is the only part removed from the farm, contains but a small portion of the mineral manures taken from the soil, therefore the flax-straw retains nearly all the ingredients withdrawn. It is a natural sequence that when it is fed to stock and returned to the land in the form of farm-yard manure, the equilibrium of its fertility is maintained.

Preventing Orchard Failure.

During a number of years past millions of orchard trees have been set out, and observing persons entertain the opinion that in future years there will be an overproduction and overstocked markets. The result will doubtless be low prices and a want of sufficient profit to warrant the best of care. The orchards will increase in productiveness more rapidly than the great multitude of owners increase in skill for their very best management. During the previous year of greatest abundance in fruit, many owners remarked that they could not take pains in selecting, and the fruit was consequently sent to market in bad condition. This course made the market still worse, and many purchasers preferred to go without fruit than to be thus imposed on. Thus there was action and reaction. To prevent such a disastrous result, all orchardists of intelligence and energy must give their trees the very best attention; they must select wisely, plant on good soil, cultivate sufficiently, prune as required, thin overloaded trees, destroy insects, assort only for the best, pack with due care for market, and do all the work in the best manner. Men will do will do this will not be in such numbers as to overstock the demand for a long time to come.—*Country Gentleman.*

Gapes in Fowls.

This death-dealing disease is easily mastered if you will but note the following: As a preventive, keep the chickens perfectly dry (on the barn floor is the best place) the first four weeks. If the ground is cold or damp, do not let them out until it is dry. Dampness is the main cause of gapes. I have had nine broods of chickens to care for this spring and have not lost one, nor has one been sick. If you already have gapes in your flock, give crumbs of bread with a few drops of turpentine on. The best way to prepare it is cut twelve small chunks of dry bread; place the chunks on a board and put a drop of turpentine on each. Cut each chunk in two, and feed. Or to one pint of corn meal add one teaspoonful of turpentine, mix thoroughly, then scald and feed once a day. See that every gapy chick eats; if any refuse, put a pill of it down them. Will those trying the above please report.?—[Cor. Country Gentleman.

Catching Gophers.

A "smoker" or "sulphur gun" is sometimes used. This is a sort of rude pump made of two pieces of steve-pipe, for forcing the fumes of sulphur into the gopher's hole. Bi-sulphide of carbon is also used. A piece of cotton half the size of one's fist is saturated with the liquid, and thurst into the burrow as far as possible, the opening being carefully stopped. This should be done when the ground is damp. We are also told of an ingenious trap for catching jack rabbits. A piece of ground about 15 feet square in a locality infested by rabbits, is surrounded by a board fence high enough to prevent their jumping over. On one side a plank runs from the ground, with an easy slope, to the top of the pen, and projects a foot over the inclosure. Above the projecting end, and just far enough in front of it to cause the animal to reach, lose his balance, and fall into the pen, is hung some tempting bait. A little bait is scattered around outside of the pen and along the plank to attract the rabbits.—[Rural New Yorker.

THE MAPLE BARK LOUSE

Threatens Destruction to the Shade Trees in Many Ohio Cities.

According to a newspaper bulletin just issued by Dr. C. M. Weed, entomologist of the Ohio Experiment station, the maple bark louse has become destructively numerous over a large portion of Ohio, and is creating much alarm by its presence. It is especially at work upon the shade trees of cities and villages, and unless checked there is every indication that the trees will be seriously injured. The insect has been reported as very abundant in Cleveland, and Canton, and is present in many parts of Columbus. It probably occurs, also, in a large number of other cities and towns of the state.

The presence of the pests is shown by the occurrence upon the twigs of maple trees, especially on the under side of a brown, circular, leathery scale about one-quarter of an inch in diameter, beneath which is a fluffy, cottony mass, that at this time is alive with hundreds of young lice, appearing to the unaided eye as minute, white specks moving about.

About six years ago there was a similar outbreak of this insect in Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and adjacent states, when many trees were rendered unsightly and filthy by the presence of the lice, and some were killed by the attack.

This maple bark louse is an insect belonging to a family of peculiar habits and histories. Under each of the scales there was a month ago from 700 to 1,000 small white eggs. These eggs have since hatched into young lice which are now scattering over the trees, and will soon fix themselves upon the leaves where they will remain throughout the season. They insert a tiny beak into the leaf and suck the sap. In autumn before the foliage drops they desert the leaves and fasten themselves to the twigs. Much of the sap that is sucked from the foliage passes through the bodies and falls to the ground. This is frequently called honey-dew.

Some of the most intelligent citizens of Columbus report that during the outbreak of 1884 they cleared their shade trees of the scales and young lice by using a stream of water from the hose, forcing it into the trees and washing them off. In cities this is the simplest and easiest plan to be suggested. Of course, a single washing cannot be expected to clear the trees completely, but the treatment should be repeated several times. The more water pressure on at the time of treating the better.

When this simple water treatment is not practicable, the next method I would suggest is spraying with what is known as kerosene emulsion. This is made by adding two parts of kerosene to one part of a solution made by dissolving half a pound of hard soap in one gallon of boiling water, and churning the mixture through a force pump with a very small nozzle until the whole forms a creamy mass, which will thicken into a jelly-like substance on cooling. The soap solution should be hot when the kerosene is added, but of course must not be near the fire. The emulsion thus made is to be diluted before using with twelve parts of cold water.

This must be applied soon after the lice hatch with a force pump and a spray nozzle. Care should be taken that the kerosene is thoroughly emulsified, else it is liable to injure foliage.

These bark lice have various natural enemies, which prey upon them. These enemies checked the outbreak quite suddenly in 1885, and probably in a year or two they will reduce their present numbers below the danger line. But in the meanwhile artificial remedies should be used as much as practicable.

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

In Answer to The Blade's Questions on "Farmers' Ills"—Some Interesting Letters.

In order to ascertain from "first hands" —the farmers themselves—the real condition of the agricultural class, the Weekly BLADE has asked its farmer subscribers to answer, very briefly, the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Below is given an instalment of the answers thus far received in response to these queries:

Frankfort, Marshall Co., Kan.

1.—Those who own their farms are making a living, not much, any more, while renters and mortgaged farmers—they humber three-fifths of the farmers—are decidedly running behind.

2.—At least five in every ten are mortgaged, and seven in ten of them did so to pay for the land.

3.—They are running behind on account of low prices and high freights.

4.—The state legislature should fix a reasonable rate of interest, with a heavy penalty for violating it. And adjust the freight rates, not allowing them one bushel for carrying two to market. Example as quoted in last week's BLADE: Corn in Chicago was 33½c, while here it is 25c. Congress should pass a very stringent law against trusts and monopolies of all kinds, increase the circulating medium, pension all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, and loan money to the farmers, the same as to National banks, with the land as security.

5.—The principal crops are corn and oats. The climate admits of no other crop that is more profitable.—W. D. A.

Russell, Russell Co., Kansas.

1.—Condition of farmers unsatisfactory; not meeting general expenses; losing money.

2.—About five in ten mortgaged, and decreasing. Mortgages given to secure funds for speculating purposes,and to pay for farm machinery; a small proportion for improvements.

3.—Bad management, low prices, selling without reserve, and buying to supply deficiencies at advance of speculative prices and freights, and neglecting their business to go into politics. A secure system of legislation as will make them successful farmers.

4.—Their judgment is that all the relief that is necessary may be obtained through legislation. Mine is the legislature can do nothing to make thrifty farmers; nothing to make their lands produce more; nothing to secure them a surplus in business. Government should own railroads, telegraph lines, put up lightning rods, open pawn shops, and make all its dues, including duties on imports and arrivals in arbitration, payable in its own promises to pay. Congress should repeal all usury laws, tax hawks, and pass a law (if constitutional) that no one should hereafter be born within the territory of the United States who was not competent to transact the whole business of this government without the use of the system of lightning calculation or the aid of a cabinet of department secretaries store. Nothing to prevent them from selling the raw products of the farm at home, less carriers' profits and freights, and buying the products of these raw products at an advance of profits and freights. Absolutely nothing to prevent them from spending more than their income.

Congress should pass a law establishing the price of commodities so arranged that the farmer would be secured a good margin of profits, and the government should loan him spending money on mortgage security on the land it has. 5.—Principal crops are wheat, rye, oats and corn, cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. Climate adapted to any crop adapted to the northern portion of the north temperate zone. Backed by capital carefully handled, with judicious general management, my crop would pay, and that would put me in a position which the individual farmer could best adapt himself, his land, and his labor.—J. B. H.

Cedar Rapids, Boone Co., Nebraska.

1.—A very few are holding their own, but most of them are running behind.

2.—About nine in every ten; some to help pay for their land, but the majority for the necessaries of life.

3.—A hard question to answer, taken as a whole; of course there are bad managers in all kinds of business; crops generally are good; the principal reason is high freight, and consequently low prices. At one time last winter it took two bushels of corn to pay freight on one to Chicago from here.

4.—Our state legislature should enact laws prohibiting the railroad from letting one man have cars cheaper than another, or from making any man a rebate, and I think if our government could own and control the railroads so as to make lower shipping rates (and then would loan a portion of the money that is in the treasury to the farmers at a reasonable rate), that it would be of great benefit to them.

5.—Corn, wheat, oats, rye and flax, are the principal crops, and I think the most profitable.—C. H. S.

Van Wert, Van Wert Co., Ohio.

1.—The farmers are more than meeting expenses, but are not making a fair rate of interest on their investment.

2.—In our judgment there is a fraction over three farms mortgaged in every ten. In the majority of cases, if not fully 80 per cent, the mortgages are given for the payment of land.

3.—When the farmers are running behind in expenses, it is not far from the truth to state that the causes are bad management, as a matter of fact bad crops will be the result of this; low prices, and, in some instances, high freights.

4.—In reply the relief afforded by congressional legislation, the farmers are much divided in opinion. However, many think that measures might be taken by Congress to break the power of trust companies, and a heavy tariff be placed on the importation of all farm products which can be raised in this country. As to the state legislature giving relief, there seems to be only one point referred to, viz: a more economic system of the conducting of the affairs of the state. As to what Congress can do aside from a removal of some of the evils, which bring about an unfair distribution of profits, and a revision of the tariff laws, we think, would be wholly speculative, owing to the condition of trade in all parts of the world.

5.—Our principal crops raised are wheat, oats, rye, corn and hay, fed mostly to stock. Flax was formerly raised in this section, and it is barely possible that no particular change could be brought about in a crop raising without incurring great risk.—J. W. N.

Phelps, Lawrence Co., Mo.

1.—The condition of the farmer is reasonably good, the most of them meeting current expenses and making some money.

2.—About five out of every ten in my immediate neighborhood, which would probably be too large a ratio for the county. Most of the mortgages were for improvements, or to secure payments on land, or to raise money for speculative purposes. Probably not one in 50 was mortgaged to secure the necessaries of life.

3.—Largely the result of bad management. Poor crops, which we sometimes have, of course, are quite a factor; but as we scarcely ever have an entire failure of any crop, that is hardly an excuse for the cry of distress raised, to a great extent, by political demagogues. If freight rates are reduced to the minimum of a paying basis the farmer would scarcely know it.

4.—The majority of the farmers do not seem to agree very well on any relief by legislation. Some think it could be accomplished by free trade; all seem to favor any scheme that would cause a freer circulation of money. Those farmers who happened to be on the other side during the late unpleasantness would not favor a liberal pension policy. Congress should try to increase the circulation medium, and the state legislature should make notes, secured, by mortgage, taxable where they are given.

5.—Wheat, corn, oats, hay, flour, and potatoes. The climate appears to be well adapted to the raising of apples and berries. I think more grass and more stock would pay better.

If the farmers in this section represent the farmers of the United States, there is no great reason for complaint.—J. W. R.

Norwich, Kingman Co., Kansas.

1.—Nearly all farmers seem to be losing money.

2.—Nine and ninety-nine one hundredths.

3.—I don't know how much better farmers can do their work, 18 hours out of 24, and how can they manage but sell their produce for what the money monopoly will let it bring. Last year we had 40 acres of wheat, yielded 767 bushels, got 75 cents a bushel (the very highest price); had 40 acres of oats, yield 1,000 bushels, price 11 cents; 1,500 bushels of corn, 12 cents a bushel. Now pay $25 a year tax, then interest at 8 per cent on a mortgage of $1,50, semi-annually, and live. Where is your hope? Then your next year's seed is to come out. We think the high freight is one of the greatest troubles.

4.—The majority of the people think there should be more money issued at once. The government should own the railroads or build others. There should be a graduated system of taxation and the one who owned more than a few thousand should pay a very high tax. The farmers are beginning to think, they begin to believe, that both old parties are one party at this fountain-head, and both at the service of the money power, and this little difference on a few items of tariff they make a great fuss about and try to keep up the old war hatred on both sides to keep the people from seeing the real issues at hand.

5.—Wheat, corn, oats, peaches, millet, sugar cane. Our county will grow a great many things.—J. H. K.

Peru, Nemaha Co., Nebraska.

1.—All making money that are working.

2.—But one farm in this neighborhood that is mortgaged, perhaps one in ten as far as I know have mortgages on their farms.

3.—I do not know of any that are running behind. If any should it would not be on account of bad crops unless the crop was neglected. We never have a failure of crops here. A dissatisfied disposition among some farmers who are influenced by dissatisfied politicians who have failed to get office, are doing more harm than high freight, bad banking laws and all other things combined.

4.—Some way of getting our crops to market at a less cost. The only relief I see is for the government to own and operate a few trunk lines of railroads east, west, north and south so that crops can be moved at a cheaper rate.

5.—Corn is the principal crop which is largely fed to cattle and hogs. Wheat, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, sweet and Irish potatoes, and fruit, such as apples, plums, cherries and grapes all grow in abundance.

I do not know of anything that would be more profitable to the general farmer than raising corn and feeding it to stock.—Q. M. B.

Cadmus, Linn Co., Kansas.

1.—Farmers in this vicinity, as a class, are not making money. Some of them are not making expenses. Falling behind each year on account of poor crops, low prices and high taxes.

2.—They got in debt, and many of them had to mortgage to pay their indebtness.

3.—About six out of ten are mortgaged.

4.—In regard to what the farmers think should be done I would say they think Congress ought to issue full legal tender currency sufficient to carry on the business of our country on a cash basis; thus reducing interest, shutting off the heavy stream of money running in the banks. They think the amount should be $50 per capita; they also think that the salaries of our officers should be reduced more nearly corresponding with what we farmers can make by our labor.—M. A. S.

Mt. Vernon, Lawrence Co., Mo.

1.—Mostly making money; none losing.

2.—About equally divided between purchase money and improvements.

3.—Very few do this way. It is the result of bad management, brought about by the use of whisky.

4.—Give us cheaper transportation. State legislation, pass prohibition laws. Congress, protective tariff and dependent pension bill. We want more men to feed—more manufacturers.

5.—Corn, wheat, oats, hay and rye. Can raise, tobacco, flax, cane. Altogether owing to quality of land. They are all profitable.—T. S.

Diamond, Newton Co., Mo.

1.—Farmers in this vicinity are hardly meeting expenses.

2.—I think 7 out of 10 of the farms are mortgaged. They were mortgaged principally to pay for the land.

3.—The principal cause for hard times seems to be low prices.

4.—We think the state should publish school books, supplies, etc., and sell them at cost of manufacture.

We think Congress should devise some plan where money may be had at a very low rate of interest, and thereby compel capitalists to invest their money in some way that will throw it into circulation.

5.—The principal crops are wheat, corn, oats, potatoes and other vegetables.

Max, Dundy Co., Nebraska.

1.—Losing money.

2.—Nine of every ten are mortgaged, usually to live on, so it turns out.

3.—All of them.

In many cases they seem simple. This is a very new country; land badly mortgaged, and in most cases, to me it seems, only poor management that makes trouble. Too much idleness.

4.—Pension all Western farmers. I think the legislatures should try to arrange to loan cheap money. They are nearly all "grumblers."

5.—Corn.—B. C. G.

Green, Clay Co., Kansas.

1.—One-half are making expenses, one-fourth making money, and one-fourth are running behind.

2.—Five in ten are mortgaged, and to the best of my judgment, one-half of those were mortgaged to make improvements and to live upon, and one-half to pay out on land.

3.—The farmers that are running behind is the result of low prices, high freight rates, and sometimes, perhaps, bad management.

4.—The prevailing opinion here is the legislature should reduce the salaries of county officers, that the state should publish all school text-books, and sell the same to the people at cost. And the legal rate of interest should be so reduced that Kansas should have lower freight rates to Missouri river points. Congress should give us the free and unlimited coinage of silver, national banks should be retired. Give us greenbacks in place of bank notes. Make a dollar in paper or silver worth a dollar in gold. Make an appropriation sufficient to establish a deep-water harbor at or nigh the Gulf, and a service pension to the old veterans.—D. A. M.

Oregon, Ogle Co., Ill.

1.—We all find it hard to meet expenses,and are hoping for prices on grain to raise, so we can get even again if we are behind.

2.—There are about eight out of ten farms around here mortgaged. These were given to pay for the land.

3.—Right here is one great trouble of the farmer, the high rate of interest on these mortgages. I pay 7 per cent, and the interest must be paid every six months. If I have not the money I must go to the bank and borrow it at 8 per cent until my grain is ready to sell. Then I must sell, even if eighteen cents is all I can get for a bushel of oats. I cannot hold it to wait for a better price. It is interest on interest already.

4.—The only relief possible by legislation is higher prices for farm products and lower rates of interest.

5.—The principal crops here are corn, oats and rye. Wheat is raised to some extent, but mostly for home use.—J. S.

The address of the following is unfortunately mislaid:

1.—The farmers that work are meeting expenses and making come money.

2.—I do not know of a farmer that is carrying a mortgage for any purpose.

3.—The farmer that gets behind it is the result of his own negligences.

4.—I have not heard farmers argue this question much. All they would ask is to have prosperous times. These are my views: A protective tariff and a higher rate on wool than at present; then Congress release all spirits and tobacco and let the states tax its spirits.

5.—Wheat, corn, oats, a little rye, potatoes, sweet and Irish, beans, cabbage, beets and other garden vegetables, clover, timothy, hords, dog foot, millet and other grasses.—J. L. S.

Frankfort, Marshall Co., Kas.

1.—If out of debt, possibly barely holding their own; very few making money over expenses.

2.—Eight in every ten largely for improvements, or to purchase land, and have been compelled to renew instead of paying off the mortgage.

3.—If Secretary Rusk is correct about over production, it is mismanagement; if not, it is extortionate freight rates, pools, trusts and combines.

4.—Legislation national! Legislation national! Unless every state legislated it would do no good, for as soon as a state line was crossed the freight would be raised.

5.—Corn, oats, rye, potatoes, in fact all crops adopted to this latitude.—W. H. A.

Wilsey, Morris Co., Kansas.

1.—Their condition is infinitely better today than it was during the years of 1887 and 1888 and the five part of 1889, and they are not only meeting current expenses, but are paying off obligations incurred during the above years, while some are laying by something for a rainy day, and few, if any, are losing money.

2.—Would not be wide of the mark if I were shooting at a bull's eye, if I said seven out of every ten were mortgaged up to the beginning of the year 1889. With but few exceptions these mortgages were given either in the purchase of the land, or for the purpose of making improvements, such as buildings, etc. Some few were forced to do so, caused by the purchase of expensive machinery; none, to my knowledge, to live on, incurred previously. Don't think freight cuts much of a figure, when both crops and prices are good.

3.—No, except in some isolated cases. Almost a total failure of wheat, corn and oats in 1887 and a partial failure 1888 in this county (Morris) were the main causes, for in spite of low prices for the latter part of 1889, and up to this time for 1890, with abundant crops, the farmers in this county in the past eight months have wiped out the great majority of the indebtedness incurred during the above bad years, besides debts.

4.—Your fourth query is a perfect "Pandora's box" and the opinions as to relief from state and national legislation, are wide apart and varied, but crystalized from the expressions of intelligent and thoughtful farmers, they want, first, capital and monied corporations to bear their just proportion of taxation with the land of the farmer, the same with regard to real and personal property in towns and cities. As the case stands to-day the land of the farmer pays two-thirds of the state and county taxes; second, enabling acts, or special legislation for the benefit of towns and cities should be done away with, for they are a fruitful source of foisting additional taxes on the farmer's land and stock, from which he derives no benefit. Congress should pass a stringent law abolishing option selling and bucket shops, and last but not least wipe out by legal means the beef combine.

5.—Wheat, corn and oats. Our climate is adapted to barley, flax, hemp and castor beans. Under the protection afforded the three latter, under the McKinley tariff bill, would be profitable, more so in fact than wheat.—W. S.

Hedrick, Keokuk Co., Iowa.

I believe the free coinage of silver would help some. Our transportation question must be looked after. The Inter-state Commerce law in my opinion is a failure. We are paying higher rates on grain than we did before the law went into effect. I think we ought to have a law to prevent railroads from pooling, and then competition would regulate the rate better than it is now.

There is a great talk now about the surplus in the government treasury. Well, sir, I think we could use some of it out here in Iowa to good advantage. I think it would be a good plan to distribute it to the several states, according to the population, to swell the permanent school fund. I think a little more education would not hurt us, especially me, which you will find out before you have sustained this request. Distributing the money would lessen our taxes and increase our school facilities, which is a safeguard to a free and happy people.

We should encourage manufacturers here in the west and also protect the manufactures in their infancy until they get on their legs, which is the case with some now. Protection means in my opinion better wages to working men, therefore enabling them to use more and pay better prices for farm and manufactured products, and live more respectably and have more pleasure, which is very essential to a happy and prosperous people. The principal crops here are, corn, oats, wheat, rye, hay and potatoes, which grow fine.

I am no croaker, and look on the bright side of things, but there has been a gradual shrinkage in values since about 1880. For example, I bought land in '82 for $40 per acre. This spring I bought as good land for $25, all within two miles of it, and in town with three railroads, sprung up since the first purchase. Now there is a case, or a complication of cases. I speak of land because it is the farmer's capital mostly, but the shrinkage is all along the line. After all, I think a dollar will buy as much of the necessaries of life as it ever did. I think the day of fictitious values is over here.

Ninety per cent of farm mortgages is light in this part of Iowa. The most of the farm mortgages here are to get money to improve and purchase more land; a very small per cent is to get money to live on. There is about one out of twenty farms mortgaged; so you can see that we are far from being closed out by the money bags of the east. I think we should have more mixed farming. I think we should cultivate the sugar cane, or the variety of sorghum that will make sugar. I think we can produce the most of the course sugar that we want, which would be a great saving to us.

My principal business is farming in Iowa for the last 25 years. I find that the man who sticks closest to his business is the most independent, and will be the best off in the general roundup in the fall, will be the least apt to call for special legislation to cover his especial ills.—J. W. M.

Cass, Jones Co., Iowa.

1.—Those that are out of debt are meeting expenses.

2.—I should think about seven in every ten are mortgaged; given for each and all.

3.—Where farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management? Some of them are. Poor crops? We generally have good crops. Low prices? Prices are very low. High freight? Freight is high.

4.—The farmers here seem to be apathetic, and are controlled by party prejudice.

I think relief can only be had by legislation. Lower the taxes; reduce the salaries of all government officers. There must be a necessary volume of money equivalent to the demand. For that purpose I favor the general revolution. Let the federal government supply the country's need of a medium of exchange at a uniform rate of interest.

5.—Hay, oats and corn; the business is dairying, raising horses, stock and hogs. This is the best we can do; we work so hard, both men and women, that we have no time to analyze our monetary system. The average farmer is up at 4 o'clock in the morning and seldom gets through till 9 at night.—A. J. S.

SOME FOREIGN DOLLS.

UNIQUE AND VERY INTERESTING.

Dressed After the Fashion of Children in the Principal European Countries—A Curious Collection Made by Chicagoans.

Old Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter, in their labors to supply Gruff & Tackelton, toy merchants, with dolls of all stations in life, gathered about them those representing high estate and low degree, together with all the intervening classes, until in their poor home almost every condition in society was portrayed. However, the record as it is given in "The Cricket on the Hearth" does not tell that different nationalities had any representation, and in this respect Chicago can boast of a collection of dolls more unique in variety than the assemblage made famous by Dickens.

Mrs. Washington Hesing, while she and Mr. Hesing were abroad a few years ago, says the Chicago *Post*, conceived the idea of making a collection of dolls dressed after the picturesque fashion of the different countries they visited. It was no small undertaking, as, notwithstanding the fact that dolls are mere hollow pretenders, they are, as a matter of fact, heavy, bulky, awkward things to pack and, as everyone knows who has been abroad, the matter of baggage is a serious consideration. However, Mrs. Hesing, when once she had entered on the undertaking, became as interested

FROM THE ISLE OF MAIKEN.

and fascinated as do other collectors and, withal, a connoisseur, and her unique collection is choice of its kind.

Mrs. Hesing was especially fortunate in getting the dolls here in good condition, and as they now appear, arranged in a handsome black walnut and plate glass case, made expressly for them, they form a most interesting miniature showing of the different classes of people in various countries of Europe.

The dolls made by old Caleb and the blind girl were each of them formed as well as dressed for a particular station in life, the lady of high degree having a graceful torso to which limbs of perfect symmetry were added, while they of the common people were barrel-shaped affairs membered with sticks unshaped and unbending. Mrs. Hesing's dolls, while they are all made as carefully as were the gentle folk by old Caleb,

DUTCH FISHERMAN AND WIFE.

represent not only in their dress but in their faces and figures the country and the class to which they belong.

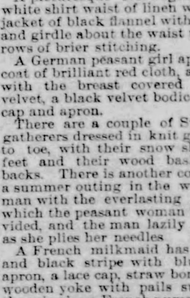
The largest and one of the most interesting dolls of the collection represents a child of eight or nine years of age which is dressed in the bona fide costume of a Holland child. The costume Mr. Hesing purchased from the mother of the child who wore it. It consists of a blue straight-bodied waist of tulled flannel, embroidered after quaint designs in barbaric colors. It is laced up the back and is held in place by narrow bags of sand, as heavy as lead, sewed fast to the lower edge. The skirt is placed on above the sand bags, and is of course held in place by them. It has evidently never dawned upon these people that the sand bags might be dispensed with by sewing the skirt and waist together. The head is covered with three linen caps trimmed with fine hand-made lace, the outer one of which is shaped precisely like the Holland bonnet, which is one of the most stylish shapes of the present season. The shapeless bodice of this queer dress is covered with calico printed in a huge design to protect it from wear and soil.

An interesting couple are a Dutch fisherman and his wife. The man wears his cap on the back of his head, dude fashion. His waistcoat is on old garment, terminating in a most unexpected fashion just below the armpit, while his abbreviated coat of white flannel, ornamented with steel buttons and bound with green binding, is only a few inches longer. His trousers are as long-waisted as his upper garments are short, and are suspended from his shoulders by means of short straps. His wife is garmented in a skirt of blue cloth with a yoke of calico —a calico garment similar to the Spencer worn several years ago—a cap of lace, a scoop-shaped hat of straw and a square-cornered Fegaro jacket of ecru linen. The Fegaro jacket is the same that is now so much worn by the lady of fashion. Indeed, among these little figures, representing European peasantry, one may find the origin of many a prevailing style.

A Holland peasant is dressed in a gown with plain, straight waist without darts; a cap with trimming of mechlin lace, and with a broad gold plait wrought in repousse work, with horn-like spirals on either side, which is bound across the brow and tied securely beneath her cap. About her neck are large coral beads. These peasants are often very rich, and the rule is that the larger the beads the richer the wearer, and some of them have the whole string of the headplate tipped with diamonds.

Then there is a man from the Isle of Marken, habited after the most contradictory fashion, in a tall and stately beaver hat, and with trousers reaching a little below the knee and plaited in huge overlapping plaits into a band at the waist, after the style which prevailed for small boys a good many years ago.

An Amsterdam orphan girl is arrayed after a queer fashion. The gown being divided through the center, one-half being



DUTCH PEASANT GIRL, FRENCH NURSE AND BABY.

red and the other half black, while about her neck and across her bosom is a kerchief of white linen trimmed with lace.

There are several quaint Swedish costumes, one of which has a full round skirt, a short-sleeved, shapeless waist of velvet, a cap with square-cornered crown and a full muslin apron, and, by the by, the apron is ubiquitous and in some form is worn by most of the women of the collection.

A picturesque Norwegian girl has a white shirt waist of linen with a Figaro jacket of black flannel with the full shirt and girdle about the waist trimmed with rows of brier stitching.

A German peasant girl appears in petticoat of brilliant red cloth, a white waist with the breast covered with beaded velvet, a black velvet bodice and a white cap and apron.

There are a couple of Swedish woodgatherers dressed in knit goods from top to toe, with their snow shoes on their feet and their wood baskets on their backs. There is another couple enjoying a summer outing in the woods, the woman with the everlasting knitting with which the peasant woman is always provided, and the man lazily watching her as she plies her needles.

A French milkmaid has a skirt of red and black stripe with blue and white apron, a lace cap, straw bonnet and huge wooden yoke with pails suspended, and there is also a French nurse coming home from the christening with the bon-bon box, which is always presented to her, on her arm, and her overhanging cap of wide ribbon, indicating, that she is employed by people of wealth, as the width of the ribbon indicates the pecuniary status of the employer.

A Lap man and woman swathed in skins brought at Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, and also a Lap baby in the cradle of leather which hangs about its mother's neck, shows what manner of men and women live in the land of the midnight sun.

Besides these there are many others, together with little models of the Norwegian vehicle called a skit, and other curious objects to be seen in remote countries and out-of-the-way places only. Altogether this collection is not only exceptional, but as instructive as it is interesting, and Mrs. Hesing can certainly be felicitated on having originated a very happy idea.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

Oh, listen, Gen. Greely,
And hear us when we cry,
Please wring the clouds out quickly
And hang them up to dry.
—[Washington Star.

Underhanded methods are resorted to in order to get the upper hand.—[Dallas (Tex.) News.

This is the time of year that a good deal of comfort could be found in the possession of a cool million.—[Terre Haute Haute Express.

Henry M. Stanley is one of the few newspaper men who have received their reward this side of the divide.—[Omaha Republican.

She—"But you must have some disadvantages at Harvard?" He—"No; the faculty has just been abolished."—[Harvard Lampoon.

Summer Girl (roguishly)—"Why do you want to kiss me?" College Youth (frankly)—"Oh, just to get acquainted."—[Munsey's Weekly.

Kaiser Wilhelm now calls himself "the man of rock and iron." A little sar

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1890.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, **106,000.**

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The coming campaign for the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress will be a most exciting and important one. "Our friends the enemy"—the Democratic free trade party—is ready to promise anything in order to obtain a majority in the House, that it may tie the hands of the administration, stop any further general pension legislation, and deal a blow, if possible, at the protective system.

We propose to make the Weekly BLADE just such a paper as the people need in the discussion of the issues upon which that campaign will turn in every state in the Union. We shall discuss the Tariff fully and exhaustively; we shall have our say on the Pension Question; and we shall, especially, devote much attention to the Farmers' Interests, by discussing the difficulties with which they are environed, especially in the West, and the different methods proposed for its relief. No American farmer can afford to be without THE BLADE during this campaign, for it will fearlessly advocate his cause.

In brief, THE BLADE will be made just such a paper as Republican campaign committees will want the voters to read—will treat of the topics that will be all-important in deciding the Congressional contest, in all the states.

We will give to clubs and campaign committees terms for THE BLADE during the campaign that will put its price down to the cost of white paper. **Write to us for campaign terms!**

INGERSOLL ON BLAINE.

Col. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, a few days ago, in a conversation which turned on Secretary BLAINE'S reciprocity ideas, remarked: "So long as Mr. BLAINE lives he is liable to be nominated for the Presidency." The truth of this remark can not be disputed. BLAINE has the honor of being the only American since WASHINGTON who refused a Presidential nomination which most certainly would have been his had he been willing to accept it. In 1888, he could have been nominated by a tremendous majority of the national Republican convention had he not absolutely demanded of his friends that it should not be done.

Col. INGERSOLL did not mean that Mr. BLAINE is an aspirant for Presidential honors; he is too strong in common sense not to believe that the great Secretary has put that aspiration behind him. What he meant was that the masses of the people like strong, capable men; that the splendid statesmanship of BLAINE, his quickness to grasp the practicalities of any given situation in the interests of the nation, and to point the way, is in such sharp contrast to the ponderous blundering of weak men, whose idea of statecraft is the devising of temporizing makeshifts, and who are afraid to assert the national power and dignity in controversy with any foreign nation, is liable to be shown at a juncture that would compel his nomination by the spontaneous demand of his party.

The fact is patent to all observing men that JAMES G. BLAINE is far more popular with the thoughtful masses than ever before. His course since he became the head of HARRISON'S cabinet has shown the falsity of the cries of these alarmists who stigmatized his supposed policy as "egoism," and asseverated that he is as unsafe as a leader as he is brilliant. He is the most profound American statesman of his day and generation, and the peer of any in our history. This fact is one that will become clearer and stronger as time rolls on. There are possibilities in BLAINE'S future without the obstacles to their fulfillment which hitherto existed.

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

Read the splendid offer for this admirable picture, given in the Publishers' Column on the 5th page of this issue. Orders are steadily coming in under it, and the pictures going rapidly. We wish to close them out as soon as possible, and hope every one who has not the "Horse Fair" already will avail himself of it before they are all gone. Be particular to mention that you want the "Horse Fair."

THE census bureau does not allow of the publication of the information acquired by it until it is ready to give it out officially, but it has leaked out that the aggregate debt of all the states in 1890 is $228,679,000, which is $54,450,484 less than in 1880, the greatest decrease having been in the Southern states. The county debts of the country, however, have grown to the extent of $24,454,000 in the decade, which offsets to a slight extent at least the gains in the other particular. But when the national finances are taken into the calculation the showing becomes more pleasing, for the reduction in the government obligations in the past ten years has been not far from $1,000,000,000.

THE debt statement for the month of June shows a heavy decrease in the national debt—it being $20,683,720.08. The decrease of the debt for the year ended June 30 was $88,471,448.85. The total debt July 1 was $998,175,180, and the cash in the treasury available for the reduction of the debt is $452,001,409.54. The sum total of cash in the treasury is $661,-355,834.26. Republican financial management has always been superb.

THE United States is now not only manufacturing the finest rifled breech-loading guns in the world, but it is also producing the most effective modern powder. In view of the fact that a half a dozen years ago we were behind all the other nations of the world in the art of making modern ordnance, this is a most conspicuous object lesson of the wisdom of encouraging home industry.

GROVER CLEVELAND is an ardent fisherman. In 1886 he fished on Memorial Day; in 1890 he fished on the day of the unveiling of the Hendricks monument. One act was an insult to the people, the other to his party.

WHY does not GROVER CLEVELAND define his position on silver? Is he still a "gold bug," but afraid to declare it?

AID FOR THE NEBRASKA CAMPAIGN.

The adoption of the pending Prohibitory amendment in Nebraska will destroy the Rum traffic in that state. It will complete the extension of Prohibitory territory from Texas to Canada, and from the Mississippi river almost to the Rocky mountains. It will protect the borders of the present Prohibition states of the West, and greatly assist in the enforcement of the liquor laws in all these states. It will be the repudiation of high license by the people who have given it the longest and fairest trial, and the endorsement of Prohibition by the closest neighbors of the people of Kansas and Iowa. It will encourage and strengthen Prohibition sentiment throughout the nation.

The unusual importance of the contest is fully understood and appreciated by the Rum Power—National Liquor associations. They have made the cause of the Nebraska liquor dealers their own. Their financial resources are practically exhaustless. The newspapers of the state are being bribed to suppress the truth and to disseminate falsehoods in the interest of Rum. Avarice, appetite, ignorance, prejudice and passion are being carefully fostered and appealed to in the interests of the Rum traffic. That fraud will be attempted at the coming election, wherever possible, is reasonably certain.

But the people of Nebraska are of more than average intelligence. From the presence of the lawless and licentious elements of population which congregate in large cities and in mining and manufacturing communities, that state is comparatively free. If the relative effects of Prohibition and of high license are fairly and fully presented to the voters of Nebraska, a large majority for the Prohibitory amendment may be confidently expected. If the friends of constitutional Prohibition in other states will contribute one-tenth as much to secure its adoption as liquor dealers in other states will expend to defeat the amendment, it will be reasonably certain of victory.

The campaign for the Nebraska amendment is largely in the hands of the non-Partisan Prohibitory Amendment League, which has been organized solely for the purpose of securing the addition of Prohibition to the constitution of Nebraska. It is composed of members of all political parties. It is the only state organization in Nebraska broad enough in its character to receive into its membership and furnish work for every man, woman and child, of whatever religious or political belief, who favors constitutional Prohibition.

In its fight against the combined liquor interests of the nation, it needs the active sympathy and the financial aid of the temperance sentiment of the whole nation. It needs such aid *now*. Splendid opportunities for vote-making are being neglected for want of funds to utilize them. Every one who has the cause at heart is invited to aid the League in its fight for Prohibition by contributing to the campaign fund. Every dollar received will be so expended as to secure the best results in vote making. The Secretary thus writes to THE BLADE:

> I might explain that our committee is doing what it can (1) to thoroughly canvass and organize the state; (2) is publishing a Swedish paper, with a free circulation of 5,000 copies weekly; (3) is preparing to furnish free supplements to 200 newspapers; (4) is printing Prohibition news and arguments on the ready-print sides of 300 weekly papers; (5) is polling the state and distributing general literature; (6) is preparing to enforce an honest election in Omaha; (7) AND NEEDS MONEY.
>
> We are able, in our judgment, to meet and defeat the Nebraska liquor men, but we are compelled to fight the liquor interests of the *nation*. We should have assistance from the temperance people of the nation.
>
> Send all contributions to the League treasurer, Hon. John M. Stewart, at Lincoln, Nebraska. C. A. ROBBINS, Sec'y.

"By their works ye shall know them." It is a sad fact that there are many people in this world who are enthusiastic to have certain things done—if others will do the work; who rejoice in the accomplishment of reforms—when other people bear the expense; are you one of them? Do you expect the friends of Prohibition in Nebraska to fight not only the Rum Power of that state, but also of the entire nation, with an enormous corruption fund at its command, with out active help—without money?

Come up to the help of the cause against the hosts of hell arrayed under the Rum banner! You hope the amendment will carry; *how many dollars* do you hope it? You sympathize with the cause; how much is your sympathy worth in dollars and cents? Put your hand in your pocket and put your theoretical sympathy into practical form! Put up the cash to aid in pulverizing the Rum Power in Nebraska!

You can send the money directly to Hon. JOHN M. STEWART, Treasurer, Lincoln, Nebraska, stating that it is sent in response to THE BLADE'S call; or, if you prefer, send it to us, and we will gladly forward it. All sums sent to us direct, and all sent to Mr. STEWART, when it is stated that that it is in reply to THE BLADE'S call, will be duly acknowledged through THE BLADE. If you do not desire your name printed, give some letter or name by which you can identify it when published, so that you may know your contribution was received.

Send as much as you can, and do not hesitate to send a small sum, even if it is less than a dollar. But send *something!* Let us see if we can not give some very effective aid to our brethren in Nebraska in their effort to crush the saloon and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THAT Alabama Bourbon Senator who feared, for Wyoming that the ballot "will have an immoral influence upon women" ought to remember the terrible fears which assailed conservative minds when women first began earning their living in the offices and other haunts of men. The same objection was then advanced that it "would have an immoral influence." The result has disproved it. The fact is that a woman who has to be hedged in in order to keep her moral is not worth saving. An honest woman does not become immoral simply because she has opportunity; and if she be immoral at heart, she will make the opportunity, anyhow.

IT'S rather amusing to think that the free trade newspapers which are now patting Secretary BLAINE on the back because of his alleged conversion to their views, abused him in the most violent manner when he wrote his celebrated Paris letter in reply to CLEVELAND'S free trade message, and also when he forcibly replied to Mr. GLADSTONE'S article in the *North American Review*. Mr. BLAINE is no more a free trader now than he was then.

THE Democratic politicians of the South should remember this: The citizens of Ohio or Massachusetts are cheated of their rights when a member of Congress is fraudulently elected in Virginia or Texas. That is the reason for the federal election bill.

THE mugwump papers down east are starting that unconscionable lie about the "Republican revolt in the Northwest" once more. It appears regularly ever second year.

FARMERS' ILLS.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR RELIEF?

The Blade Desires to Hear From the Farmers Themselves Upon the Subject of Their Troubles.

There is a great deal of distress among the farmers of the country. The prices of their products is low, and many of them find it not only impossible to make any profit, but actually to meet their expenses. Many have mortgages on their farms, and find it impossible to lift them. There has been a great deal of wild talk on the general subject for several months past, and THE BLADE would like to know the truth.

We recognize the fact that agriculture stands at the foundation of national prosperity, and that unless the farmers are doing well the nation at large cannot flourish. THE BLADE has always steadily championed all measures that it believed to be for the well-being of the agricultural community, and it proposes to try to find out, from the farmers themselves, what is the matter, and what measures, in their judgment, will aid them.

We ask our farmer friends to write us letters, *as short as possible*, answering the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Please make your replies as short as you can. We want them, primarily, for our own information; but we shall publish a selection of them, taking those that are representative of the views of others writing from the same section, so that our readers may be able to judge of these important matters for themselves. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner write "Farmers' Column." Do *not* address them to the "Farmstead."

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The past week, including the semi-annual payment of interest and dividends by corporations, and the close of the governmental fiscal year, passed with far less stringency in the money market than was feared by some. The interest paid by the government on its bonds on July 1 was about $8,250,000. Since April 1, the treasury has withdrawn from the banks $14,750,000; so that the money in circulation, even after the payment of the interest on bonds, is some $6,500,000 poorer on government transactions than on April 1. This sum, and the accumulations in the treasury since April 1, will speedily be paid out, however, and money will grow easier for several weeks as a result.

The silver dollar coinage from April 1 to July 1 was $9,400,000, while the national bank circulation has decreased $4,550,797. Hence the net increase in the currency from these two things has been $4,849,203. The amount of gold in circulation has increased $771,893 since April 1.

Call loans in New York for the week have ranged from 9 to 2 per cent, with an average of 5 per cent, at which figure renewals were made. Time loans were firm at 5 per cent for 60 to 90 days, 5½ per cent for 4 months, and 6 per cent for 5, 6 and 7 months, on good collateral. European money markets have been easier at 3¼ per cent at London for 60 to 90-day bank bills, and 2⅝ per cent at Paris, 3⅝ at Berlin and 2¼ at Frankfort for call loans.

General trade for the half year has been quite encouraging, as is evidenced by the record of bank clearings, railway earnings and mercantile failures. There was great activity, and an exceptionally large volume of business. The prospect is good for a continuance of this, if the growing crops keep up to their present promise.

The following table gives the total of failures in the United States for the first six months of 1890, and total liabilities, compared with the figures for the corresponding periods of the two previous years:

	No. of failures.	Total liabilities.
1888	5,189	$86,114,159
1889	5,607	65,828,853
1890	5,385	65,319,884

Taking the country as a whole, this showing is quite good, when we remember that the number of persons in business is steadily increasing, which of course adds to the number and extent of the failures.

"STATE CHEATING."

The New York *World* says:

> The Toledo BLADE, which is a party paper after a fashion which must delight the narrowest heart, is opposed to the federal elections bill because it does not go far enough. THE BLADE does not want the federal cheating done on the same day that the state cheating is done.

We are glad the *World* is candid enough to admit that there is "state cheating" at elections. The majority of its Democratic confreres robustly deny that there is anything of the sort. We presume the *World* will also admit that where there is this wholesale cheating by states, there is rank injustice done to all states which have honest elections; and that, if the political complexion of the electoral college or of the House of Representatives is changed by this cheating, the situation becomes extremely grave. Hence the necessity for some measure of federal control, to secure absolutely fair elections where this wholesale cheating is practiced. As a prevention of inevitable friction and clash of authority between state and federal election officers, we believe the federal and state elections should be entirely separated.

THE New York *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, the official organ of the liquor interest in that city, in reply to inquiries from some of its subscribers, asking whether it is safe to set up "original package" stores in prohibition states, advises dealers not to attempt it. It tells them that the local judges will decide against them, and that if they carry the case up on appeal they will have to pay heavily in costs, while long before the Supreme court reaches the matter, on final appeal, Congress will have passed a law which will govern the decision of the court.

WHY has not that indefatigable political letter-writer, GROVER CLEVELAND, written one on the silver question? When he was President he was a "gold bug;" is he hiding his convictions as a matter of policy? If so, what becomes of the Democratic admiration of his "rugged honesty?"

THE FARQUHAR BILL.

Another measure before Congress, to whose importance THE BLADE has frequently adverted, is the bill to aid in the establishment of American merchant steamship lines with foreign countries, especially with our sister republics of this continent. It is not a pleasant thing for the American people to realize that we have been forestalled in a commercial sense, but it is the frozen truth with regard to our ocean commerce. Foreign nations have placed excellent steamer lines on almost all available routes, protected by their respective governments by heavy subsidies—sometimes frankly called so, and in other cases disguised under contracts for carrying the mails.

Were we to have restored the much-vaunted "American merchant fleet" we had at the beginning of the rebellion, and which was swept from the seas during that period of internal convulsion, it would again disappear as quickly as it did then, but from a very different cause; now it would be antiquated and slow, and utterly unable to compete with the modern fleets of iron freight steam ships. The world has moved in the past quarter of a century. All other civilized nations have realized that commerce under their own flag is worth having, and that they must pay for it if they want it, else other nations will seize it. We alone of the great nations of the globe have not adopted a like policy.

The position is just this: The competition among the merchant steamship lines of various nations, all subsidized, is so great that ocean freight rates have been brought down to a very low figure. There is no money for American capitalists in building ships and putting them on ocean routes, in competition with foreign lines protected by large payments of government money for carrying mails.

The free traders cry "free ships"—which means that they want Congress to repeal the law which forbids American registry to foreign-built vessels. We can surpass the world in ship-building, and the protective policy is to have only American-built ships admitted to American registry. The falsity of the free trade plea that "if we were allowed to buy our ships abroad, we could do the carrying trade of the world," is shown in the commerce of the Great Lakes—greater in itself than the total foreign commerce of many nations. Of the vessels engaged in it, 98 per cent are American, and only 2 per cent Canadian! Yet Canada has "free ships." This shows that where vessel freight rates are at all remunerative, American capital will freely invest. Rates are profitable on the lakes, though they are much lower than railway freights.

The longer we postpone the adoption of a policy of fostering an ocean trade, the harder it will be to wrest business from established lines. Had we adopted such a policy ten years ago, we should now hold the bulk of our own carrying trade with foreign nations. We can not compete unless we adopt the policy of these countries, which pay, in subsidies alone, a fair interest on the capital invested in vessel lines. The Farquhar bill, now before Congress, proposes to carry our mails to foreign countries in American vessels, and to pay a price for it that will cause the establishment of a first-class American merchant marine. And Congress ought to pass the bill without delay. It will be a profitable investment.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

It is always unpleasant to criticise the life and acts of one no longer numbered among the living, but in the case of a public man, whose career for years was so prominently identified with the politics of the country as was that of THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana, the old maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, has no application save to his private life. His public acts, his leadership, his doings as an official, are part of the nation's history and subject to discussion and criticism.

The unveiling of a memorial statue to Mr. HENDRICKS at Indianapolis, and the eulogistic utterances on that occasion, bring his career within the range of criticism. In whatever was said of him as an upright man in his domestic, social and business relations, we can agree; his right to reverence and honor as a statesman, we must challenge. Upon it there is a blot that can never be removed—that of disloyalty to the Union in its hour of peril.

We shall not discuss his career as a copperhead leader, nor attempt to settle the disputed question whether he was personally concerned in the organization of a treasonable secret society in the North, sympathizing with the Confederacy. His active public opposition to the prosecution of the war for the Union, is enough. This antagonism transcended the bounds of mere political controversy. The fact must go down in history that Mr. HENDRICKS'S acts at the most critical period of the nation's history gave aid and comfort to her foes, and that he was less patriot than partisan.

CAPT. P. H. DOWLING, Department Commander of Ohio, G. A. R., has just issued a circular to all posts in this state, giving the full text of the new disability pension bill, for the information of the comrades. He closes with a stirring appeal for service pensions, which is so excellent that we quote it entire:

> No one regrets more than your Department Commander the failure of Congress, up to the present time, to pass a per diem service pension law, that would have placed every soldier, sailor, and marine on the pension rolls at some fixed rate per day, for each day's service, between April, 1861, and July, 1865, in addition to any pension granted because of an existing disability. Such a law should commend itself to the judgment of every patriotic citizen, and it is not too much to hope that such a law will be enacted, but if it is, it must come through the persistence and determination not to be denied, of those who wore the blue. Comrades must stand shoulder to shoulder. Establish recruiting bureaus, and gather into the order every worthy ex-soldier of the Union army, emphasizing the fact to our national law makers that we are swelling our ranks and preparing to battle with ballots for the justice so long denied us. Comrades should not lose sight of the fact that upon our numerical strength rests the hope of our salvation, and when our lines begin to weaken and waver, by the diminution of numbers, in like proportion will our influence diminish.

THE constitutional convention in Mississippi will be purely a Democratic affair, the Republicans having determined to nominate no delegate-at-large, and to put candidates in the field in only a few of the strong Republican counties. It is the purpose of the convention to devise some plan of suppressing the Mississippi Republican vote which will avoid frauds at the polls. The supremacy of the Bourbon caste is to be made a part of the state constitution.

THE free trade propagandists make a constant appeal to the presumed ignorance of the people. For instance, they are continually lamenting over our export trade to foreign countries. Yet for the fiscal year which has just closed (on June 30) the total value of our exports was $850,000,000. This is enormous, and our foreign trade is steadily growing. One would never find it out from a free trade Democratic paper.

☞ *Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.*

PRACTICAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The Washington *Post* has started out on a crusade for civil service reform on a plan which is worth consideration. In 1886 THE BLADE, in a discussion of the topic, remarked that when the average man once obtained a government position he apparently assumed that he should be kept in office, in some capacity, for the remainder of his natural life; that the feeling among the people is that one man (possessing the needed qualifications) has just as much right as another to a government position, and we, therefore, suggested that such appointees should be given a four years' tenure of office, removable only for cause—this to apply to all appointive positions below the grade of Cabinet officers and foreign ministers; and the tentative suggestion was made that a disqualification to hold appointive (not elective) office under the national government for the same period of time as the position was held would break up the habit of chronic office-seeking.

The *Post* has evolved a similar idea, which it has elaborated to a greater extent. The principles it lays down are these:

1. A single Presidential term.
2. Cabinet officers shall not be eligible to the Presidency for the term succeeding the administration of which they are a part.
3. Six-year tenure for Department employes, one-third of the service to be brought in fresh every two year.
4. The patronage of the Departments apportioned to Congressional districts, as is done in the case of West Point cadets.
5. Appointments to place in departments to be made on recommendation of members of Congress, whose letters shall, in every case, go on file.
6. Appointments to be made after an examination of applicant, as to his qualifications for the especial duty to be performed, by a board of examiners in each department.
7. Removals to be made only for cause.

We can heartily endorse all seven of these points, and think the addition should be made that an appointive officer or clerk after the expiration of his term, should be disqualified for the same length of time. The principle of "rotation in office" is a good one, and would be secured by such a proviso.

The real objection to civil service reform as at present administered is that it creates an office-holding class. It contemplates that where an individual is competent, he shall continue in office. This would keep him in place until he grew too old to properly perform his duties. When the cry would be raised against "turning men out on the world in their old age, after a lifetime of faithful service," and the scheme of pensions for government employes be urged.

This plan avoids such a result. It gives an employe a fixed term, the same as is given an elected official; and he would know, were the disqualification clause inserted, that he must look elsewhere than to the nation for support after his term ended. It would secure all the real benefits of the present system, without its real objections, and would meet with much more favor from the people. The present plan is an improvement on the spoils system, but it is based on the English method, and naturally does not fit a nation in which there are no privileged classes. Let us have an American system, suited to the spirit of our institutions, and which will give every man a chance, and nobody a privilege.

FREE TRADE FAILS.

The English people are beginning to hear the other side of the free trade question, and that through some of their most influential periodicals. The May number of the *Fortnightly Review* has a long article on "Protection vs. Free Trade in Australia," in which the facts are shown that the protectionist colony of Victoria is very much ahead of the free trade colony of New South Wales in all that pertains to national progress, and that it owes its advantages to the benefits of protection, which has been vigorously enforced for the past twelve years.

The statistics cited go to show that agriculture and grape-growing are increasing more rapidly in Victoria than in the sister colony; that the growth of population is greater, notwithstanding the fact that New South Wales has adopted the policy of state assisted emigration; and that in the rate of railroad extension, and indeed in every other department of progress, Victoria, with its protective policy, easily takes the lead. The writer urges that, in the case of these two colonies, protection and free trade have now been tested side by side as an economic experiment for many years, and his array of facts makes an overwhelming case in favor of protection.

This chimes in with a recent interview with T. B. PORTER, president of the Cobden club, printed in a late issue of *Fair Trade*, a protectionist journal published in London. Mr. POTTER frankly admits that the club has "desponding accounts" from Australia, and says:

> People seem to think that New South Wales may go protectionist at the next election, but we are now doing our best to get literature well circulated over the colony. To Victoria, of course, it is just now of little use sending any.

OUR JUNE HOT WAVE.

The heated term which closed June and opened July, and which prevailed over almost the entire United States, has been remarkable. Hot waves in June are of annual occurrence, but it is rare to have one of so great duration with such steadiness of the thermometer at high readings. This exceptional weather has been by many taken as an indication that the remainder of the summer will exhibit similar torrid characteristics; but the weather-wise New York *Herald*, which pays a great deal of attention to climatic meteorology, comes to the opposite conclusion. Its reasons, briefly summarized, are these:

> The cause is in the sun itself—and, exactly to the contrary of what might be supposed, it is a lack of solar radiation within the tropics, rather than an increase of it. The greater the amount of heat received in the equatorial regions, the greater the rarefaction of the air there, and consequently the stronger the trade-winds will blow, bringing cooler air to supply the partial vacuum thus caused. Hence, the rarefaction of air in the equatorial regions being less than usual, the trades have been exceptionally weak, and there has been a resulting weakness in the "anti-trade" wind currents, of which the *Heartld* says:
>
> They perennially sweep over the Rocky Mountains into Manitoba and our Northwest, drifting our continental cyclones eastward into the Atlantic, and substituting cool, dry air for the hot, humid air which has been spread by southerly winds over the interior of the continent. These grateful return trade currents have of late been very weak, and occasionly for days together have almost ceased.
>
> Were these anti-trades normally strong, the area of quiescence which has marked the position of the intense heat would have been drifted eastward into the North Atlantic, and instead of a ten-days' "hot spell," we would have had only about a three-days' one, as is usually the case. And, as the sun has reached the Tropic of Cancer, and started on its return southward, though we may have more of these hot spells, the cooler weather will reach us comparatively soon, and the outlook is for an early rather than a late fall.

IT is a fact for the people to remember during the coming Congressional campaign that for fifteen years of Democratic ascendency in the House not a move was made against trusts in the way of legislation, though the Democratic press was harping on it.

LESS THAN A BILLION.

The close of the last fiscal year, on June 30, is marked by one event of uncommon importance—the actual reduction of the total national debt to less than one billion dollars. In 1888 the interest-bearing debt dropped below that figure; in 1888 the total debt was below that mark, by excluding the Pacific railway bonds—which are merely guaranteed by the government, but which are counted as part of the debt, because it is liable for their payment; but this year the total debt comes below the thousand-million mark. The entire aggregate debt, after deducting the cash in the Treasury, is $988,175,173.

The actual amount we yet have to pay is lower than this. The Pacific railroad debt is $64,623,512, and there is an item of $23,002,008 of fractional silver coin and minor coin which the debt statement treats as an "unavailable asset." Deducting these two items, which the government will not actually have to meet, and the total debt is $900,549,653.

On August 31, 1865, the national debt stood at its highest figure, viz: $2,756,-431,571. Hence, in the not quite 25 years, we have paid off about $1,866,000,000, and our debt now is less than one-third of what it then was. The interest-bearing debt to-day is only $725,313,110, as against $2,381,530,294 in 1865.

The reduction of the debt during the past fiscal year was $88,471,448. At this rate of payment, if it should be kept up, we would extinguish the entire debt in about 11 years, and enter on the twentieth century clear of debt. But will this rate, or anything like it, be kept up? That is something no one can tell. The uncertain factors are, first, the revenue that the new tariff bill will bring in; and, second, whether there is going to be any large permanent increase in our expenditure, beyond that which naturally comes from increased growth.

The financial showing for the fiscal year just closed answers effectually one item of the senseless clamor against the present administration—the charge that it is "extravagant." So long as a man does not spend more than he makes, and his expenditure is for necessary and proper objects, he is not extravagant; nor is a nation which does the same thing. The regular expenditures of the government for the year were large, but the increase was fully made up by increased revenues. This increase was as follows:

Customs duties	$5,816,658
Internal revenue	1,260,552
Total	$7,077,210
Decrease, miscellaneous	2,093,289
Net increase	$4,983,921

The increase in expenditures were as follows:

Regular expenditures	$4,202,067
Pension expenditures	19,314,044
Total	$23,576,731
Decrease, interest account	5,877,995
Net increase	$17,699,005

It will be seen that the increase in regular expenditures was less than the saving from the diminution of the interest on our bonds, and that the whole net increase is due to the increased amount paid out in pensions.

To summarize: The four striking features of the government finances for the past fiscal year were: first, that the total debt has been brought below the billion mark; second, that the receipts from tariff duties were greater than ever before in our history; third, that the pension payments were the largest ever known; and, fourth, that our revenue still runs more than 100 million dollars a year over our disbursements. Of course, the latter does not include the sums paid for reduction of the debt.

SILVER PRODUCTION.

As a matter of interest in the silver discussion, we give from the London, England, *Statist*, a journal of the highest authority upon statistical matters, its figures on the annual production and consumption of silver in the world:

PRODUCTION.	Ounces.
Entire world	130,000,000
CONSUMPTION.	
Used in arts	20,000,000
Used for European and other token coinages	20,000,000
Taken for India	30,000,000
Taken for China, Japan and the East	10,000,000
Purchased by United States Government	30,000,000
Total	110,000,000

The surplus is thus as follows:

	Ounces.
Annual production	130,000,000
Annual consumption	110,000,000
Surplus	20,000,000

Add to this the 30,000,000 ounces purchased annually by the United States government, given as an item of consumption above, and we have 50,000,000 ounces.

If the silver bill shall be amended in conference committee so as to fix the amount to be purchased by our government annually at 54,000,000 ounces (4,500,-000 ounces per month), as fixed by the House bill, we should use up the surplus, and a little more; but production would stimulated, of course, to at least cover that amount.

THE officials of the Postoffice department are compelling the star-route contractors to live up to their agreements. The system of competitive bidding permits professional contractors to underbid local offers for star service, and they frequently obtain on the narrowest possible margin hundreds of routes, including many which are unremunerative. It has been a common practice for such contractors to neglect to put the service on these losing routes, and then to offer to compromise for actual damages—the difference between their own and the local bids. The Second Assistant Postmaster General, Col. WHITFIELD, has not only rje ted such offers, but also sued a contractor in Maine for failing to perform the service which he had undertaken. A conviction was obtained, and civil action on the bond will now be brought to recover damages. This conviction will exert a most beneficial effect in breaking up a pernicious system of professional bidding for service the performance of which is not seriously contemplated. It is a practical reform for which the department is entitled to much credit.

THE little Democratic free trade papers throughout the country are committing the tactical blunder of commending Mr. BLAINE'S reciprocity ideas without reserve. They do not see that reciprocity—the granting of import privileges in return for similar privileges—is built on the corner-stone of protection, and that free trade would prevent any reciprocity. Next year, when "reciprocity" is the Republican war-cry, they will be convinced of their error.

DR. RICHARD EDWARDS, the state superintendent of education in Illinois, who has just been renominated by the Republicans, has been the conspicuous champion of the compulsory education law. His Democratic opponent is pledged against it. EDWARDS is bound to win. The people of Illinois are too enlightened to vote in favor of ignorance and against the public school system.

A RUMOR comes floating up from San Antonio, Texas, that the army officers are booming Gen. NELSON A. MILES for the Republican presidential nomination. Well, MILES is a good man, but—

ON JULY 31

OUR NEW STORY WILL BEGIN.

Written Expressly for The Blade, and to Run During the Campaign Now Opening.

With the close of Marion Harland's excellent story, "Mr. Wayt's Wife's Sister," in the issue of July 31, we expect to begin the publication of a

POLITICAL SERIAL,

(whose title will be announced next week), which will combine the interest of a rapidly-moving story of incident, turning upon the development of political events, with a discussion of current political issues. The "story with a purpose" is not a new thing, as witness the tremendous popularity of "Robert Elsmere," and others of the class; but a story dealing with the tariff, the subject of pensions, and other topics uppermost in the public mind at this time is a novelty, and from a perusal of the opening chapters we are certain our readers will pronounce it not only a success, but intensely interesting.

The author is one of the best-posted men of the country upon the tariff issue, in all its ramifications; he has written much upon it in a leading editorial capacity; and he is known as a writer of clever and interesting stories. Hence he is perfectly at home in the field selected, and THE BLADE'S readers may be assured that the story will be one worth their attention, and withal one that is likely to create a sensation.

The Scene of the Story

Is placed in Ohio, and while it refers back to the war period, the main action takes place in the future. The author has assumed that the present Congress fails to do justice to the surviving soldiers of the late war, or to answer the demands of the Western farmers for measures calculated to give them relief, and that consequently the next Congress (the Fifty-second) has a Democratic House. He then traces this supposed revulsion in public feeling through to the campaign of 1892, and the election of a Democratic President.

The reaction is so great that the Senate dare not oppose the will of the people, and the result is the overthrow of protection, the adoption of free trade, and other radical changes in national policy. The story then goes on to show the effect upon the people of the United States, gives a vivid pen picture of the new order of things, and the totally unexpected results which flow from it.

There is nothing in the story that is not only both possible and probable; and some startling pictures are drawn which, while they seem strange, are by no means beyond realization, and that within the next four years.

This story will give our readers new material for thought and discussion; it will broaden their horizon of political knowledge; and it will be especially useful to the boys and young men, just coming on the stage of political action.

Campaign Subscribers.

We shall make a special effort for campaign subscribers this summer, in order to give this story the widest circulation possible. We ask our friends to mail us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE with the full announcement of the story, which will be given shortly, and probably also sample copies containing the first installment. Send us names, and send them quickly!

"ORIGINAL PACKAGES."

The recent decision of Judge CALDWELL, in the United States Circuit court at Leavenworth, has attracted considerable attention because it applies the recent decision of the United States Supreme court in such a way as to deal a severe blow to the Prohibitory law of the state. In the case in question, evidence as to the sale of liquor in original packages was given, and the judge held broadly that "having a right to make such sales under the Constitution of the United States, any imprisonment for that act is a violation of the Constitution of the United States and illegal, and that the court had jurisdiction, and its duty was to discharge any person illegally held." The judge maintained, moreover, that the size of the packages in question made no difference; that the importer might determine the size to suit himself, in the absence of Congressional regulations to the contrary.

So insolent and aggressive have the "original package" dealers in Kansas become, that the decison has aroused a great deal of feeling, and preliminary steps for an appeal in this case to the Supreme court have been taken. The decision is, to our mind, the only one the judge could have made. It is his business to decide in accordance with the law as he finds it, not to make a new law; and his decision is exactly in line with Supreme court decision, which has all the effect of national law. The real remedy lies with Congress, the need of action by which grows increasingly urgent, while there are indications that no action may be had at the present session. The Senate has, however, passed a bill which will give complete relief, and the House should be stirred up to also pass it before adjournment.

A LONG SESSION.

The Democratic papers are pointing to the fact that this session of Congress promises to be a prolonged one as if it were a very grave fault. We are astonished that any intelligent man can write such stuff, or accept it as having any value. What is the difference how long Congress stays in session? A nine-months' session costs the country no more than a three-months' one. Members of Congress are paid by the year, and if they strive to earn their salaries, who should object? Can any one assign any valid reason why a prolonged session should be esteemed a fault?

Least of all should any objection to it come from a Democrat. The present Congress has before it questions that the Democratic Congresses have shown themselves powerless to deal with. During the four years of CLEVELAND'S administration, the Democratic inability to formulate a national policy and carry it out, to deal properly with the great questions of government that of necessity are constantly arising, was strikingly shown. For 25 years the Democratic party played the role of a yellow dog sitting on his haunches by the roadside, snarling and yelping at the Republican procession. It was powerless to do anything but grumble, and find fault, and take the part of general objector.

EVERY civilized nation in Europe has a protective tariff, save England alone; yet the free traders pretend to believe that the passage of the McKinley bill will cause "retaliatory legislation" against us! England cannot do it without abandoning free trade, and the event will show that not a single European tariff will be changed because of it.

ROACH'S shipyards have been bought by an English syndicate. Where are the howls of the free traders about the "tariff burdens" placed on American shipbuilding?

CURRENT EVENTS.

There are 49 Jewish synagogues in New York.

The word "its" only occurs once in the whole of the Bible.

Bismarck has weighed 204 pounds, but at present is trained down to 185.

Stanley has reached the pinnacle of earthly fame by having a brand of sausages named after him.

A cargo of alligator hides arrived at Galveston, Texas, a few days ago en route from Mexico to New York.

A sensation has been produced at Heidelberg by the rumor that the government may close the university.

There is a child at Franklin, Pa., who sleeps every other three days, and is apparently in perfect health. The case baffles the doctors.

Mrs. Cleveland succeeded in landing her first bluefish at Marion, Mass., Tuesday evening. It was a beauty, and weighed four pounds.

Freddie Gebhard, famous as an owner of fast horses, and as the admirer of the "Jersey Lily," is about to be sued by his barber for $222.

A colored thief at Bridgeport, Conn., jumped into the canal, and the policeman who was chasing him followed suit and arrested him.

A Howell, Mich., justice of the peace recently sentenced a man to fifteen days in the county jail for stealing an umbrella on a rainy day.

Speaking of brief names, there is a family in France named B, one in Belgium named O, a river in Holland called the Y and a village in Sweden named A.

In selecting the names of a jury to try a man for murder down in Georgia the name of the murdered man was drawn out of the box along with the others.

The name of Jefferson Davis appears in the necrological report of the Bowdoin College catalogue. He received an honorary degree

UNION SERVICE PENSION ASS'N.

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, to his widow and orphans."

THE JUSTICE OF SERVICE PENSIONS.

It has always been the policy of every civilized nation to care for the men who have fought its battles, in their old age. The Second Congress under the federal constitution recognized this by passing an act which declared that those soldiers invalided or disabled in its service "shall be taken care of and provided for at the public expense"—which section still remains in force to-day. This policy has been steadily followed by the United States from that day to this; and as the nation grew more wealthy and powerful, it was supplemented by various other provisions which embody the "service pension" principle—that is, paying for service, instead of disability. First, a service pension bill was passed for the benefit of all survivors of the Revolution, and later for all survivors of the War of 1812, and of the Mexican War. And it is a fact to be considered that the two latter laws would have been passed earlier, had it not been for the system of granting bounty-land warrants in their favor, which secured to every one of them a home if he could go and improve it; if not, he sold his land warrant, obtaining cash therefor.

The homestead law, and the rapid settlement of the public domain, has made an extension of the land warrant system impossible for the benefit of the survivors of the Union armies of 1861-65. Hence there is but one way of extending aid to them—the aid they have a right to expect—and that is, through the enactment of a service pension law. The following points may be recapitulated in favor of such provision:

The pay of the soldiers was a mere pittance—not an adequate return for the service rendered, but merely of the nature of subsistence for wives, children, parents and other dependent ones left behind when they responded to the call of the country for volunteers. That pittance was tremendously reduced in purchasing power by the depreciation of the paper currency in which it was paid, and the correspondingly high price of the necessaries of life. The demand, which has been so often made, that the soldiers or their heirs should be paid the average difference between greenbacks and gold for the period of their service, has in it an element of strict justice. There are probably insuperable difficulties in the way of putting it into practical operation. It might be urged that all those holding clerkships and other civilian positions under the government might justly claim the same equalization; but it is to be remembered that the civilian in government employ had it in his power to resign and go elsewhere, if dissatisfied with his pay—a thing which the soldier could not do, and which he would have been too patriotic to have done had the power been his. We suggest that a service pension, graded according to term of service, would be a practicable way of recompensing the soldier for the depreciation of his inadequate wages which he was compelled to bear.

The justice of the service pensions granted to the survivors of the three wars previous to the late struggle has never been disputed. No good reason can be given why the policy shall not be extended to the veterans of the civil war. It may be said that "the time has not yet come;" is this anything more than a cold-blooded equivoque, which simply means, "We will wait till 300,000 to 400,000 of them are dead, and then it will not cost so much?" Is this a proper argument for the representatives of this wealthy and powerful nation? If any of these veterans are worthy of a pension, all are.

The civil war was one of the most sanguinary, hardest contested, and protracted the modern world has seen. Compared with it, all our previous wars were but campaigns, their battles mere skirmishes. More men fell in one battle of the civil war than in all the engagements of any of the three previous wars. The long campaigns, the privations of soldier life, the tremendous strain upon the physical system, had their effect upon every soldier who endured them for any long period. The rank and file was composed largely of young men. The survivors came out of the struggle apparently sound; but it is the evidence of the highest medical authority that those years of war made an indelible impress upon the constitution of every one. They have now reached the decline of life, and they find they are breaking down years before the time when this might naturally be looked for. Their service has shortened their period of active life from five to ten years.

Nor is the plea that the nation can not afford the expense of service pensions, a valid one. To these men is due the preservation of the Union in its entirety, the maintainance of the nation's credit, and the foundations of our wondrous growth and prosperity since 1865. The Second Congress did not stop to consider the cost when it declared the obligation of the country to care for its soldiers, even though the treasury was bare, and the country impoverished. The country was never so wealthy, never so able to meet the demand of justice for "him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans," as it is to-day—and it was the success of our armies in maintaining the integrity of the Union which made it so.

wore the blue, that such cases are few and far between.

Another letter, from Lansing, Mich., tells this story:

I find it hard work to do anything with the old soldiers. They are a very cranky set, and every one has some pet scheme of his own, and it is that or nothing.

The divisions of opinion among soldiers themselves are a serious drawback to pension legislation. During the present session, the charge has been made by the enemies of pensions, on the floor of Congress that the soldiers themselves were not agreed as to what they want—that even the G. A. R. came with two bills—a disability bill and a per diem service pension bill, and that nothing should be done until they agreed on some measure not unreasonable. The disability bill, however, is passed; it is out of the way. The next struggle will be on service pensions and on nothing else. Why should the veterans fritter their strength away by quarreling over other schemes? The battle is to be on the service pension idea, and on nothing else; and the soldier who will not unite to fight for it might as well be opposed to any further pension legislation of any character.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves." It is easy to grumble because justice is not done; we open the way for you to obtain it, to get your rights, if you will only put your shoulders to the wheel, and push the organization of the U. S. P. A.

Hundreds and thousands of old soldiers, Republicans, have expressed their disgust over the dilatoriness of Congress in the matter of service pensions, and declared that they will not "vote the Republican ticket any longer." That is a mistake of theirs. If the Democratic party were pledged to the service pension idea, or if there were the slightest possibility that it would do so, their action might be judicious.

Don't sit back and expect *other* men to do the work; *your* name, *your* vote, *your* influence, *your* effort, are needed.

Don't sit idle and say, "it won't do any good." That was not the way men talked when they enlisted in the armies of the Union to put down the Rebellion!

Don't say "the G. A. R. has been working for a service pension, and has not succeeded; therefore it is useless to try." Think a moment! The Grand Army is non-political; it can not, under its constitution, ask candidates for Congress to pledge themselves to vote for a service pension law; it can not ask its members to vote only for candidates who will so pledge themselves.

But the U. S. P. A. is organized to do these very things, and for nothing else. It is hardly necessary to say it is not a rival organization, for no one has such an absurd idea. Every Grand Army man can join it without injuring that splendid order; every friend of the soldier can join it; and all *should* join it!

Ho For Boston!

In reply to numerous queries, we will say that we have made arrangements to open headquarters for the U. S. P. A. at Boston, Mass., on the occasion of the National Encampment of the G. A. R., which is held on August 12, 13, 14 and 15. We hope that every friend of service pensions will call there and see us, and we know that every comrade of the U. S. P. A. and friend of THE BLADE will certainly do so.

No Red Tape About It.

We still get letters from comrades who imagine there is some form to go through before organizing. Here is one letter which comes to us from a town in New York:

Have sent you names of 20 signers to the U. S. P. A. pledge. We are all ready to organize as soon as you send blanks to do so.

There is no such blank. There is no red tape about the U. S. P. A. As soon as you are ready to organize, there is but one thing to do—*organize*, and get to work! The "work" is, first, getting every voter possible in your locality to join your Camp; second, organizing Camps in neighboring localities. The purpose of the U. S. P. A. is to get as many voters as possible to join it, in order that it may wield all the power possible. The only blank is the pledge blank. When you have enough to organize a Camp, organize it, and send us the organization for record; that is all there is to do.

THE VETERAN OF 1861-65.

"For what he was, and all he dared,
Remember him to-day!"

U. S. P. A.

Matters For Thought.

The U. S. P. A. is progressing finely. There never was an association of any kind set on foot that organized spontaneously as rapidly as this is doing. The old soldiers are willing to work, knowing that the influence of numbers is all-powerful, and that therefore the thing to do is to bring as many members in as possible. Once in a while a letter comes to us which tells a different story; and we propose discussing the two of this sort we have received, instead of the hundreds we have of opposite tenor. One friend in Cass county, Michigan, writes:

I talked with a number of soldiers here before I sent to you and they all thought it just the thing, and wanted me to send after blanks, which I did, and went around and got sixteen to sign, but can not get them to meet and organize a camp. The most of the ex-soldiers around here are short-term soldiers, are nearly all drawing pensions, and so do not want to help the long-term soldiers.

The last statement of our friend's letter shows a selfishness that should be foreign to a soldier's nature. Having pensions themselves, they will not aid deserving fellow-soldiers to obtain justice! We trust, for the honor of the men who

Republic Camp, No. 2 of Missouri.

Republic, Mo.; —— Congressional district; organized June 21, 1890; 18 members.
Commandant—H. G. Criswell, Republic, Mo.
Vice Commandant—Will W. Coover.
Adjutant—R. C. Viles, Republic, Mo.
Quartermaster—James Watson.

Granger Camp, No. 1 of Nebraska.

Granger, Scott's Bluff county, Neb.; Third Congressional district; organized June 27, 1890; 14 members.
Commandant—J. C. Giltner, Granger, Scott's Bluff Co., Neb.
Vice Commandant—J. L. Gilmore.
Adjutant—H. E. Morse, Granger, Scott's Bluff Co., Neb.

Traver Camp, No. 1 of California.

Traver, Tulare Co., California; ——Congressional district; organized June 28, 1890; 79 members.
Commandant—W. D. Haynes, Traver, Cal.
Vice Commandant—M. E. Weddell.
Adjutant—Jos. Duffy, Traver, Cal.

Zenobia Camp, No. 4 of Kansas.

Zenobia, Scott Co., Kansas; 7th Congressional district; organized June 28, 1890; 50 members.
Commandant—B. F. Rochester, Zenobia, Kan.
Vice Commandant—E. M. Bell.
Adjutant—D. C. Wallace, Zenobia, Kan.

Hurley Camp, No. 2 of South Dakota.

Hurley, Turner County, South Dakota; organized July 1, 1890; 60 members.
Commandant—M. S. Robinson, Hurley, Turner county, South Dakota.
Vice Commandant—A. L. Goddard.
Adjutant—P. W. Kyte, Hurley, Turner county, South Dakota.

Sturgis Camp, No. 3 of South Dakota.

Sturgis, Meade county, South Dakota; organized July 1, 1890; 15 members.
Commandant—D. L. Beebe, Sturgis, Meade county, South Dakota.
Vice Commandant—B. P. Hough.
Adjutant—D. C. Comstock, Sturgis, Meade county, South Dakota.

Quincy Camp, No. 2 of Illinois.

Quincy, Adams Co., Ill.; 12th Congressional district; organized July 1, 1890; 46 members.
Commandant—Thomas Jameson, Quincy, Ill.
Adjutant—Edward Ewers, Quincy, Ill.
Quartermaster—J. Gruse.

—— Camp, No. 3 of Illinois.

Quincy, Adams Co., Ill., 12th Congressional district; organized July 1, 1890. 10 members.
Commandant—C. P. Cumpston, Quincy, Ill.
Adjutant—George Smith, Quincy, Ill.
Quartermaster—George Gaebel.

Robinson Camp, No. 4 of Illinois.

Robinson, Crawford Co., Ill.; —— Congressional district; organized June 21, 1890; 48 members.
Commandant—George Petry, Robinson, Ill.
Adjutant—B. V. Carey, Robinson, Ill.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Of the "Union Service Pension Association."

Send for blank pledges, and a bundle of copies of THE BLADE, containing the Plan of Organization. They will be sent, *free of charge*, to you. A reading of the U. S. P. A. articles on the fifth page is all that is needed to enable any one to understand its comprehensive scope, the simplicity of its organization, its effective mode of reaching its ends by proper, just and honorable methods. And every fair-minded man who favors service pensions is willing to join, and aid in the effort to secure them.

The blank pledges have the pledge of the U. S. P. A. printed at the top, with blank spaces below for signers' names. The following is the form:

PLEDGE OF THE UNION SERVICE PENSION ASSOCIATION.

We hereby agree to become members of the Union Service Pension Association of ——, of the County of ——, [of the ——th Congressional district*] of the state of ——.

We hereby pledge ourselves to work for the nomination and election to the national House of Representatives of no one who will not pledge himself, unequivocally and publicly, to use his best efforts for the early passage of a service pension bill, which shall grant to every honorably-discharged soldier or sailor, who served for a proper time in the army or navy of the United States, a reasonable pension, and which shall increase that minimum in proportion to the time of service, either at the rate of one cent a day for all service over a stated period, as provided in what is known as the "Grand Army per diem bill," or some similar plan which shall recognize the principle that those who served the longest shall have the largest pension; and which shall grant to the widow of every honorably discharged soldier or sailor, irrespective of the cause of his death, a pension, with suitable provision for any minor children he may leave, under the age of 16 years, and until they reach that age. And he must pledge himself unequivocally not to be bound by any caucus action to the House to any caucus action on this bill which does not contain such provisions.

And we hereby agree that as soon as ten persons have signed this pledge, we will join with them in the formal organization of this association, in the election of officers, and in increasing the membership of the association; and that the organization shall be completed according to the "Plan of Organization" published in THE TOLEDO BLADE. In witness whereof we herewith sign our names:

NAMES. NAMES.

*This clause in brackets is to be stricken out in forming associations in states which elect but one representative.

When you write to us for blank pledges, send us the names of all the persons in your vicinity to whom you think will join, and we will send each a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the pledge and this "Plan of Organization," besides a number of copies to your address for you to use in the work. As soon as the blanks come, start at once to get signatures. Several pledge blanks will be sent; put each in the hands of a good man, and canvass for signers.

Explain that the association does not aim to found a new party; that the idea is simply to throw the solid vote of every friend of service pensions *in favor* of the nomination and election of men to Congress who will openly and honestly pledge themselves, if elected, to work for and vote for a service pension bill, as detailed in the pledge—and *against* any candidate (either for nomination or election) who will not so pledge himself.

Take the pledge among your friends. Grand Army men, ex-soldiers who are not comrades of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans who are voters (or will be by the congressional election), and the friends of service pensions everywhere. Get as many signatures as you can before calling a meeting. Then notify the signers, and fix upon a suitable time and place of meeting. Call the meeting to order, and have a chairman and secretary *pro tempore* chosen. The meeting should not be secret. Have all come who wish, whether they sign or not.

The next thing in order is the reading of the pledge and the list of signers; and then comes the adoption of the constitution and the election of permanent officers. The constition is given below. If by-laws are needed, they can be prepared and adopted.

As soon as the result of the election is declared, let the new officers take their seats, the same evening. Let one or more Recruiting Committees be appointed, and, if possible, an Extension Committee; have them instructed by the Commandant in their duties, by his reading the sections of the constitution defining them. Fix a meeting night, if possible, not more than a week ahead; have the Working Committees instructed to report then; and adjourn. Let the adjutant report the organization to THE BLADE, for which purpose a stamped envelope is sent with the blanks. He should report as follows:

REPORT OF ORGANIZATION

Of.....Camp of the Union Service Pension Association, of.....,
in the county of....., in the.....
Congressional district, state of.....:

Organized on ....., 1890.
Number of members enrolled, ...
Commandant, ...
Postoffice address.....
Vice Commandant, ...
Adjutant, ...
Postoffice address.....
Quartermaster, ...

☞ Be sure to give postoffice, county and state, in the postoffice addresses of Commandant and Adjutant.

Sent by .....,
.....

There are no instituting or installing officers, and, as yet, no charters needed. When the State Council for your state, or the National Council, is organized, it can issue charters, if it deems them necessary. When your Camp is organized as above, it is ready for work—ready to push the work of the Association, by enrolling every voter possible in its ranks, and organizing new Camps near you.

CONSTITUTION

Of the Union of Service Pension Association of the United States.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.

SECTION 1.—The name of this organization shall be, "The Union Service Pension Association of ——, county of ——, [——th Congressional district of the] state of ——."

SEC. 2.—Its object shall be solely to work for the nomination and election of men to Congress who will pledge themselves to work for the preparation, and vote for the passage of a bill which shall grant a pension to every honorably discharged soldier and sailor of the war of the Rebellion, the widows of such persons, and their minor children up to the age of sixteen years; and to oppose the nomination and election of any man who opposes such a measure.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1.—Any legal voter, or any one who will have become a legal voter by the date of the next election of members of the National House of Representatives, may become a member of this association by election thereto, by the vote of a majority of the members present at any regular or called meeting of the body, and signing the pledge of this association.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

SEC. 1.—The regular officers of this association shall be a Commandant, Vice Commandant and Adjutant [and Quartermaster, if a treasurer shall be deemed necessary; if not, his duties shall be discharged by the Adjutant.]

SEC. 2.—The Commandant shall be the presiding officer, and discharge all the duties commonly appertaining to that position. He shall also detail all Working Committees for the furtherance of the objects of the association, and designate the special field of duty of each.

SEC. 3.—The Vice Commandant shall act as Commandant in the absence of that officer, and shall in such cases exercise the same powers.

SEC. 4.—The Adjutant shall keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, including the names of all Working Committees, read the reports of the same, and discharge all the duties usually pertaining to the office of secretary.

[If a Quartermaster is appointed, a section should be added defining his duties.]

ARTICLE IV.—WORKING COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. For the furtherance of the objects of this association, Working Committees shall be detailed by the Commandant, who shall instruct them as to the special object to be attained.

SEC. 2. One of these shall be the Recruiting Committee, whose chairman shall be styled the Recruiting Officer; and, if thought desirable, more than one of these committees shall be detailed at one time, consisting of three members or more, in the discretion of the Commandant. Their duty shall be to personally canvass every voter in the section in which their work is assigned, explaining to each the objects and pledge of the Association, and to secure as many new members as possible. The Commandant, when he details a Recruiting Committee, shall distinctly state the portion of territory which they are to canvass, which shall be small enough to allow the committee to see every voter personally. The Recruiting Committee shall report at the next meeting of the Association, and be discharged — one or more new committees being appointed for duty in their stead.

SEC. 3.—When a choice of delegates to a Congressional convention, for the nomination of a candidate for the Representative in Congress, is to take place, the Commandant shall detail one or more Working Committees, of as many members each as he shall deem expedient, and at least one committee shall be so appointed for each place of meeting of a primary caucus for the selection of delegates. The Working Committees for this particular purpose shall be called Caucus Committees, and it shall be their duty to be present at the caucus or its equivalent, to explain the objects and aims of the Union Service Pension association, and endeavor to obtain, by all honorable means, the selection of delegates who will vote only for a nominee as candidate for representative who will publicly and unequivocally pledge himself to work and vote for a service pension bill, in accordance with the pledge of this Association. These Caucus Committees shall report fully at the next meeting of the Association to the commandant; and he shall, after the hearing of the report of each, and the reception thereof by the Association, formally discharge that particular Caucus Committee declaring it to be "with the highest commendation," if its work has been completely successful, and he believes it to have done all that in it lay to secure that success; "with commendation," if he judges it to have done its work with reasonable diligence; "without commendation," if he considers the work not as well done as the committee was capable of doing; and with censure," if he is convinced the committee neglected its work—which words shall be entered on the minutes of the meeting, after the entry of the discharge of the committee from duty.

SEC. 4.—At the meeting before the election for members of Congress, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Polls Committee, for every voting precinct within the jurisdiction of this Association, whose duty it shall be to be present at the voting place to which it is assigned from the time the polls open until they close. It shall be the duty of this committee to respectfully call the attention of every voter who comes to deposit his ballot to the aim of this association, and to use all honorable arguments to induce him to cast his vote for representative in accordance with the pledge of this Association. The Commandant shall appoint for each precinct a Polls Committee large enough to have at least three members present constantly, if it be practicable so to do. Each Polls Committee shall report fully on its work and its result, as shown by the vote at its precinct, at the next meeting of the Association; and the Commandant, in formally discharging it from duty, shall pronounce his verdict on its work, after the manner prescribed in the preceding section, which verdict shall be entered on the minutes.

SEC. 5.—If it shall be possible so to do, and the Association deem it necessary, at the next meetings before the date of the assembling of the caucuses mentioned in section 3 above, and before the election mentioned in section 4, the Commandant shall detail a Rallying Committee for each caucus and voting precinct, whose duty shall be to see that every member of this Association, and every voter known to be favorable to the objects of this Association, is present at the caucus or the election to take part therein.

SEC. 6.—When there shall be an election pending of members of a state legislature upon which will devolve the election of a United States Senator, the Commandant of this Association, upon notification from the State Council or from the District Council, shall appoint Caucus Committees, Polls Committees and Rallying Committees, as prescribed in the foregoing sections, with the intent and object of electing a majority of the legislature favorable to the selection of a senator who will favor a service pension law.

SEC. 7.—Any other Working Committees for other purposes connected with the general object of the Association, may be provided for by the Association, and detailed for duty by the commandant. And the order of the District Council for the detail of any Working Committee it shall deem desirable, or the order of the State Council for a similar detail, shall be promptly obeyed.

SEC. 8.—No Working Committee shall be detailed for any political purpose other than bearing upon the election of a Representative in Congress, or upon the choice of an United States Senator, favorable to a service pension law, in accord with the pledge of this Association; or to defeat the election of candidates for those offices who are opposed to service pensions.

ARTICLE V.—ORDER OF BUSINESS.

SEC. 1.—The order of business at each regular meeting of this Association shall be:
1.—Reading of minutes.
2.—Reports of any special committee.
3.—Reports of Working committees, in this order:
(a) Recruiting Committee, through Recruiting Officer.
(b) Extension Committee.
(c) Caucus Committees.
(d) Polls Committees.
(e) Rallying Committees.
(f) Special Working Committees.
4.—Admission of new members.
5.—Postponed business.
6.—New business.
7.—Order of the Day—under which head the progress of the association, communications from the District or State or National Councils, the state of the service pension question among the people, the prospects of the campaign, if one be pending, new pension legislation, or the action of Congress on any general pension matter, the utterances of party platforms on the subject of pensions, and everything pertaining to the objects of the association may come up for discussion, or be read for information.
8.—Detail of new Working Committees, to serve until the next regular meeting.
9.—Miscellaneous (under which officials report.)
10.—Adjournment to a fixed date.

[Meetings should be held weekly until the entire territory under the jurisdiction of the association shall be thoroughly canvassed by the Recruiting Committees, and the membership be brought to a maximum. The association can then fix on a regular meeting night.]

ARTICLE VI.—EXTENSION.

SEC. 1.—As soon as any Association is thoroughly organized, it shall discuss, at each meeting, under the head of Order of the Day, the matter of organizing new Associations. The most favorable localities shall be considered, and a selection made, by motion that an extension of the Association be made in that place. The motion being carried, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Extension Committee, to consist of *at least* three members, of whom the Commandant shall be chairman *ex officio*; and if he is unable at the designated time to attend, the Vice Commandant shall take his place. This Extension Committee shall, at a suitable date, before the next regular meeting, as directed by the Commandant, go to that locality, and obtain enough signatures to the Pledge of this Association, not less than ten, and proceed at once to organize a new Association. The work shall be kept up until a sufficient number of Associations are organized to fully cover the ground; but the orders of the County Council of Administration, as soon as it is organized, are to be followed in the work of extension.

ARTICLE VII.—COUNTY COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION.

SEC. 1.—There shall be in every county a Council of Administration, composed solely of the Commandants of the different Associations therein, which shall have supervision of the work of extending the organization, and of extension into surrounding counties.

SEC. 2.—As soon as Associations are fully organized in any county, their Commandants shall meet and organize by the election of a chairman, who shall preside at their sessions, and have power to call special meetings, if need arises. This Council of Administration shall meet in the county seat, if possible, but meetings may be held elsewhere, if desired. As fast as new Associations are ordered, their Commandants will take their places as members of the Council.

SEC. 3.—The County Council of Administration is to determine how many separate Associations are necessary to be organized in the county to best further the objects of the Association, and where each is to be located; to determine what Associations shall send Extension Committees to these local points, and generally to harmonize and direct the work of extension, which they shall push as rapidly as possible, until arrangements are made to have every polling-place in the county under the special charge of some Association.

SEC. 4.—Whenever a county political convention is held, it shall be the duty of the County Council of Administration to bring the purpose of the Association before its members, and to endeavor to obtain an endorsement of service pensions in the platform thereof; and in case of a county convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to a Congressional Convention, the Council of Administration shall take upon itself the duties of a Caucus Committee, working to obtain an endorsement of service pensions, and to secure the selection of only such delegates as are favorable to the nomination of a candidate who will endorse the pledge of this Association.

ARTICLE VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

SEC. 1.—This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided that the amendment or amendments shall have been submitted in writing at the previous meeting, held at least one week before the one at which the vote is to be taken thereon, and entered on the minutes.

The matter of finances has not been touched upon, as the idea is to have the officers and Working Committees serve without pay. All necessary expenses for hall, lights, stationery, postage, etc., can be provided for by a small assessment on each member, of a few cents each.

District Councils.

As soon as *five* camps are formed in your Congressional district, we will notify each that it is in order to choose a member of the District Council for your Congressional district. The time and place of its meeting will be fixed from these headquarters. The District Council will have full control of the Congressional campaign—its work being to see that the candidate chosen for Representative in Congress shall be one in full sympathy with the service pension idea, and who has taken the public pledge named in the Pledge of the U. S. P. A.

State Councils.

There will also be a State Council in every state. Its duty is so supervise the work of the Association in that state, and especially to see that, when an United States Senator is to elected by the legislature, he shall be pledged, the same as a Representatives, and to supervise the election of members of the legislature which will choose a Senator, in the interest of service pensions, by seeing that only such members of the legislature are elected as will pledge themselves to vote only for a candidate for Senator who will give the required pledge. In the states electing but one Congressmen each, the State Council will be the same as the District Council, and should be chosen as directed above. In other states, as soon as the District Councils are organized, they will be called on to choose members of the State Council, which will meet at the state capital. The State Council should be small in numbers, to save expense; hence the basis of representation has been fixed as follows:

For states having 20 or more Congressional districts, one member of the State Council for every District Council;

For states having more than 5 districts and less than 20, each District Council to choose two members of the State Council;

For states having more than two and less than five districts, each District Council to choose one member of the State Council, for every five Associations in the district, and one additional member for a fraction of three or more Associations. This provision is but temporary, and will be considered by the National Council, when organized.

National Council.

When five states have fully organized by the organization of State Councils, we shall call on the District Councils of the entire Union to each send one delegate to the National Council, at Toledo, Ohio, and will fix the date of the meeting of that body. It will have supreme control of the Association of the United States, will adopt a permanent constitution for it, and take full charge.

Weak, Nervous Men!

Send at once for sealed particulars, free, of the Common Sense Home Treatment, which will speedily restore you to complete vigor and manhood. No electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.

It Would Seem So.

"Do you know the Bishop of Sodor?"
"No. Is he an Englishman?"
"I don't know. I should say not. The Bishop of Sodor should be a Celt, sir."—[Puck.

The Difference.

'Twixt the sot and the chap with malarial kinks
This difference destiny makes
The former is given to shake for the drinks,
The latter to drink for the shakes.
—[Yonker's Gazette.

Hard to Suit.

"Good morning, Mr. Bacon. Is it warm enough for you?" was the landlady's greeting to her new boarder.

"Well, it depends altogether to what you refer," was the sarcastic reply. "The water is a little too warm to suit me, but the coffee is not quite warm enough."—[Yonkers Statesman.

LIFE AS SHE IS.

Required Intellect.

Dick Sharp owns a pretty fine rig. Yesterday evening Dick drove into the country to get a breath of fresh air. When about two miles out he overtook a sunburned stripling who was driving the toughest looking specimen of horse flesh that Dick ever saw. His tongue hung out like a stocking on a clothes line, his legs were covered with spavins and warped like a rustic chair, his eyes were entirely gone and sickening, mattery holes were in their places, while his tail was worn down to a mere stump by incessant switching. Along his sides and back where the harness rubbed were large sore spots, and what was left of his mane was matted together with burdocks and chaff.

Dick was a good deal amused at the sickly skeleton and kept looking at him longer than he should have, as the sequence will show. Just as he drew up the lines to drive past, the boy stopped his horse and said: "You seem to be taken with this horse of mine, mister; if you want to take a good look at him it won't cost you anything; I'll just size up that off one of yourn and mebby we can make a swap."

This proposal, made in the best faith, apparently, by the boy, staggered Dick, but he got out and looked at the horse's teeth, and tried to shove his tongue back into his mouth, without success, however.

"What makes him keep his tongue hanging out that way?"

"It's his lungs, mister; that animal is so full of good, sound, robust lungs that something has got to protrude."

"What went with his eyes?"

"Oh, we had them taken out; too full of life; had to do it; did it to curtail his spirits. Why, mister, before we deprived that animal of his sight it was awful to see him go; no rig could stand it. The moment he saw a team ahead of him he began to race and no power on earth could stop him."

"I notice he's got a few knobs on his legs."

"Yes, I was just going to call your attention to them; we put them there—did it to tone him down. About once a week he gets too high strung for us, and we have to beat him over the legs with a hammer till a spavin comes out; that sobers him somewhat. It seems cruel, but we've got to do it to sadden him a little or no one could ride behind him."

"What did you shave his tail for?"

"Didn't shave his tail; fast trotting did that. I know you'll think I'm stretching it a little, but before we took to putting these spirit-sinkers on him and he got under full headway, his hair blew away like chaff in a wind storm. Do you see his ears sore spots on him? He used to be all over like that; effects of speeding him, rushing through the air. Now, you see, just before the fall races begin, I'll quit depressing his spirits and go to the county fair and win a bag of money. I tell you it requires intellect to understand this horse's nature. How'll you trade?"

Dick didn't care about trading and drove off, while the boy chuckled: "I guess the next time he sees a plug he'll not count the spavins on his legs."

Boycotting the Government.

A long-haired countryman straggled into the postoffice the other day and placed upon the stamp window a large yellow envelope, which had the appearance of being filled with some kind of seed. The clerk threw it upon the scales and handed it back with the remark:

"This envelope is overweight, and requires an additional stamp."

"Why, mister, it's only to go up the road here about seven miles," explained the rural denizen.

"Charge you as much to carry it seven miles as seven hundred," said the clerk.

"Who says so?"

"The government."

"Be them the orders of the government?"

"Yes, sir."

"No mistake about it?"

"No sir."

"Well, I declare, if that's the way this 'ere government does business, she's agoin' to lose my custom, and that's sayin' a good 'eal, too. Gimmy 'ere that letter, and I'll 'stablish a mail route of my own sooner than buy another stamp for just seven miles, and no writin' in it at that; and you kin tell them fellers that run this government shebang that I kick and mean to keep a kickin' too, and you kin whisper into their unwillin' ears that I'll never enter into another transaction in the shape of buyin' a stamp from them, or give them the job of carryin' a letter for me until they make some needful changes in their systems. And when they git enough of it and find their revenues failin' off, and begin to huntin' up the cause, you kin tell them that I'm doin' it and mean to keep it up too, you understand? To think that them lunk-heads of government fellers can run all of us citizens in good standin' in the community, is too much for my independent blood."

And the old boycotter picked up the letter and started upon his proposed mail route.

A Poor Crop, Evidently.

A sleek young man halted in the road one day last week and waited for a rough looking farmer with a shovel on his back to cross a corn field and fetch up along side.

"Fine day," remarked the sleek young man, "been at work?"

"Wal, yes; been out prospectin' a eetle."

"What! discovered a gold mine on your farm?"

"Naw, not exactly."

"Silver?"

"Nothing of the kind, mister."

"O, I see; this is in the great anthracite coal belt, is it not?"

"Mebby it is, but I wasn't lookin' 'round for that."

"Indeed! may I ask what you were prospecting for?"

"Of course you kin. I was just out in that air back field of mine wildcattin' for pertaters."

Quite Conclusive.

Lawyer—And you say that you do not remember ever purchasing a single article from this plaintiff?

Witness (Irish lady)—Indade Oi do, and Oi never run an account wid him that Oi did not pay cash; niver traded wid him, niver smithered his sthore, niver owed him a cent, and Oi have the receipts in me house to show it, too.

"Talk about young lawyers starving," said Judge Andrews last night, as he stuck his feet upon the table, "why, during the first four years that I had my shingle hung out, I hadn't a single thing to eat but statutory provisions."

Algernon—How the howwible thing did scare me; I was weally frightened out of my wits!

Florence—And what a pity it is that you have never been able to recover them!

—BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a Weak Stomach.

NO AGE FOR LOCHINVARS.

If young Lochinvar came out of the West
At the present day, though his steed were the best
And bore off a girl, why the changes are fair
He'd be headed off ere he'd got half a square,
For 'twixt wires, detectives, cameras and cars,
The jig's about up with the young Lochinvars.
—[Philadelphia Times.

A Poor Apple Crop in Central New York.

From present appearances the apple crop of Eastern Wayne will be the poorest in years. Throughout the towns of Sodus, Huron, Wolcott, Rose and Savannah, there are very few apples remaining on the trees, most of the reports agreeing that there will not be over one-sixth of a crop. Peaches and pears have also nearly all fallen off. Wheat looks good upon high or gravelly soil, but on the low lands a large portion has been drowned out. There is a less acreage of barley, oats and corn, owing to so much wet weather.—[Rochester Democrat.

FREE FOR 20 DAYS from date of this paper. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and at the same time and make new customers, we have decided to make this special offer. Send us a picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a LIFE SIZE CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing future orders. Please name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any Bank in St. Louis. Address all mail to PACIFIC PORTRAIT HOUSE, Odd Fellows' Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

History of the Coin from the Year 1792 to Date.

In the year 1878, the standard or "Bland" dollar was first issued, and most people consider it a very handsome coin; but there are some critics who have never ceased to complain of the eagle with uplifted wings, which they derisively term a "buzzard." This talk has borne such fruit that Congress has decided to improve the figure of the eagle, and has authorized the director of the mint to procure new designs.

Therefore, the present seems to be a good time to give a history of America's most popular coin, and we can not do better than give the substance of an interview with R. A. McClure, curator of the Cabinet, and one of the best known numismatists in the world.

The first silver dollar was coined under the act of February 12, 1792, and weighed 416 grains, and had a fineness of .892.4, which standard was continued for a number of years.

In 1794 the silver dollar issued had on the obverse side a Liberty head facing right with flowing hair, fifteen stars above the head the word "Liberty," beneath 1794. Reverse side, an eagle, with raised wings, encircled by branches of laurel, with the legend "United States of America" around the edge of the coin, while the edge of the coin contained "Hundred cents, one dollar or unit."

The next year, 1795, the design was again changed as follows:

Obverse sides—bust of Liberty, facing right, hair bound by a ribbon, shoulders draped and fifteen stars showing in the field. Reverse side—an eagle with expanded wings standing upon clouds with a wreath of palm and laurel, which is crossed and tied, and the inscription "United States of America." In 1795 the same design was used, except the using of two stars less in the field on the obverse side.

The intention was originally to put in a star for each state, but after putting in fifteen stars they found that if they continued the policy of adding a star for each new state, they would scarce have room, so they decided to go back to the original number, thirteen stars, representing the thirteen original states.

On the reverse side of the 1795 dollar a change was made by placing on it an eagle with raised wings, bearing the United States shield upon its breast, and in its beak a scroll with the inscription "E Pluribus Unum" upon it; a bundle of arrows, thirteen in number, in the right talon. Above were clouds and thirteen stars, and upon its field United States of America.

From 1795 to 1839, inclusive, there were no silver dollars coined for general circulation. In 1840 another change was made. On the converse side of the coin was Liberty seated upon a rock, supporting with her right hand the United States shield, and in the left a scroll inscribed "Liberty," and with her left hand supporting the staff and liberty cap; below the date of coinage.

On the reverse side, an eagle with expanded wings, bearing the United States shield on its breast, and olive branch and three arrows in its talons. Legend, "United States of America. One Dollr.," reeded edge, size 34. From 1840 to 1873 the same design was used, the words "In God We Trust" being added above the eagle.

From 1874 to 1877 none were issued, and the next design accepted was the present one in use, which was struck off for general use in 1878. On the obverse side we have the Liberty head facing left, upon which is a cap, a wheat and cotton wreath, and a band inscribed "Liberty." Above the band, the words "E Pluribus Unum;" beneath, the date and thirteen stars.

The reverse side has an eagle with extended wings, pointing upward; in its right talon an olive branch with nine leaves; in its left talon, three arrows; in the field above, the words, "In God We Trust;" beneath, a semi-wreath, tied and crossed, reaching upward to the wings of the eagle. Legend, "United States of America. One Dollar."

The trade dollars were coined from 1873 to 1883, inclusive, under very peculiar circumstances. American merchants, trading with Asiatic and South American ports, were seriously hampered for lack of a suitable currency. The standard dollar of 412 grains was light weight, and would not pass current outside of the United States, and so these traders appealed to Congress to coin a trade dollar of 420 grains, stamping on it its weight and fineness.

It was really an ingot of silver, and not intended for circulation in this country at all. But, somehow, the trade dollar flowed back to this country, and for a time floated at par, until their legal standard was discovered, then they dropped to 90 or 95 cents.

This decrease gave rise to a clamor that the government should redeem the trade dollars, and eventually Congress passed a law to that effect. At the present day trade dollars are only worth their bullion value.

Upon the obverse side of the trade dollar was Liberty seated upon a cotton-bale, facing left; in her extended right hand an olive branch; in her left, a scroll inscribed "Liberty;" behind her a sheaf of wheat; beneath, a scroll inscribed "In God We Trust," and below the date are thirteen stars. On the reverse side an eagle with expanded wing; in its talons, three arrows and an olive branch; above, a scroll inscribed "E Pluribus Unum;" beneath, on the field, "420 grains, 900 fine. United States of America."

In 1836, 1838 and 1839 some designs were struck off, but none of them were accepted or put into general use.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON.....EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

ALWAYS LOOK FORWARD.

The Women Who Have Won University Honors—A Little Talk About Living in the Future —A True Woman Always True.

I WONDER how the tendency to look regretfully back upon the past, mourning over the ills that betided then, sorrowing that the joys which swelled the heart with happiness are gone—I wonder how this tendency came to be so strong in the human family. Almost as soon as youth is passed, with the majority of people the tide sets backward, instead of forward. The golden days of anticipation, unadulterated by pessamistic apprehension, seem to be confined to the limits of a few years, lying upon the border land of the action which comes after the recognized season of preparation for such action is over.

It has always seemed to me that we do ourselves a great wrong by yielding to this habit of sad retrospective thought grown so strong in the world. Life has its sorrows, its blasting disappointments, it is true; but so has childhood, so has youth, just as severe, just as bitter to the child and youth as are theirs to the grown man and woman. The difference lies in this—that the former throw off their troubles. Their tears are April showers. They turn their backs upon the past and look joyously forward. The latter hug their pain, their anguish, their disappointments to their hearts. They brood over them. They cherish them as if they were their best friends, as indeed they may prove to be if treated aright, but it is a sorry thing to allow even our friends to overshadow our lives, to crush out our individuality as this regretful looking backward inevitably does.

Turn away from the sorrows of the past. They are gone. Why live them over? Why expend power on what is dead—why drag lifeless bodies around after you, making a weariness of the present that might be full of zest and energy. Prentice Mulford never said truer words than in his last essay in the White Cross series:

"Every regret, every mournful thought, takes so much out of your life. It is force used to pile on more misery. It is force used to strengthen the habit of regretting. It is force used to make the mind color everything with a tinge of sadness, and the longer you use force in this way, the darker will grow the tinge. When we are ever going back in memory to the past and living it in preference to the present, we are bringing back on ourselves the old moods of mind and mental conditions belonging to that part. This feeling constantly indulged in, will bring on some form of physical ailment. The ailment belongs to a condition of mind we should be done with forever. If we are looking forward we shall shake it off and be better in health than ever."

It is the hopeful, buoyant man and woman who succeed best in their undertakings. They are giving none of their strength to regrets, to living over their sorrows. Experience may teach them wisdom for their forward movements. It is not allowed to clog them in their advance.

And why should we look back mournfully upon the past? We are living in the Now, and it holds wonderful possibilities of growth even in its utmost of pain, if we but grasp them, growth for the eternal future which lies before us with its promise of joy unutterable. Even if we do not accept such a reality, still it is true that regrets bring weakness, which takes from present life all zest, all enjoyment.

"Power," writes Prentice Mulford, "comes of looking forward with hope, of expecting and demanding better things to come. That is the law of Infinite Mind, and when we follow it we live in that Mind."

A golden truth, which we can prove for ourselves by constantly striving to look forward, leaving "the dead past to bury its dead."

POOR Grant Allen! The learned phantoms in petticoats" are multiplying apace, and he will be torn anew by terrible fears for the future of the race. Only think of it! A woman, a girl—Miss Phillippa Fawcett—has carried off the honors in the University of Cambridge over all male competitors, in a branch—that of mathematics—which has hitherto been supposed to be the peculiar province of the masculine brain. Women may excel in some directions, say such writers as Grant Allen and Prof. Romanes, but when everything depends upon the reasoning powers, upon thought concentration, as mathematical studies do, their brain power will be found lacking. They will fail absolutely. And in this dictum concurred many others who were willing to accord position equality to the sexes in other directions. Miss Fawcett, however, finaneepped all competitors, and the the showirl members of the class did not the reduced their male classmates. Women tions in th be proud of this achievement, far from groves at once and forever the —that they must always be inTHE do their brothers in whatever re-June's the exercise of pure reason.

tionAll the savants of all the schools," deys *Harper's Bazar* editorially, "may grate about the inferior female brain, its lesser size, its earlier maturity and inferential worthlessness, the great male power of transmitting energy, the fact remains that this brain of lesser size has conserved all the energy it needed to do the same work as the brain larger in mass, and that if this larger brain does not mean to be dropped out of the race, it has to bestir its richer convolutions."

Mr. Grant Allen, this is solemnly true. For only think of it. If to the intuitional powers which you and others of your ilk accord to women is added the reasoning faculty which you have claimed to monopolize, pray tell us where you will be?

Besides this carrying off of the mathematical honors in one of the first universities of the world, it is recorded that another woman, a Miss Helen Reed, of the Harvard Annex, has just captured from sixteen male competitors the Sargent prize for the best metrical translation of an ode of Horace, and it was that most difficult twenty-ninth one of the third book, too. It is also stated that hitherto this prize has scarcely ever been fairly won in its entirety. At Cambridge Miss Margaret Alford won the first place in the classical tripos; two other young girls took honors among the Wranglers, and not one failed to pass the examination with credit.

Thus is proved what has been so strenuously denied by assertion and argument, that, the same intellectual possibilities exist for women as for men. A few generations of training will do away with this vexed question of sex equality or inequality of brain, and with it will go one of the most fruitful causes of misunderstanding between the sexes. When they can work together side by side, the quality of accomplishment being the basis of consideration, a better day will dawn upon the world—upon women because of their greater freedom—upon men because of the advancement of women through this freedom.

Nor need Mr. Grant Allen or any one else fear that women will evolute, under higher education and equality, into men. They will still persist in being women, with womanly attributes. They will still find their greatest happiness in the home, though they may understand the calculus and read Greek. Just as a bird is a bird, whether confined in the narrow limits of a cage or soaring in mid air, so will the true woman be the true woman still, no matter how much her intellect may be cultivated.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Mark of a Lady.

One of the marks of a true lady is the delicate, I might say artistic, way in which she uses perfumery. When it is poured upon the handkerchief *ad libitum*, or used so that the moment a woman approaches one is reminded of a perfumatory, it ceases to be an attraction, but becomes disagreeable. It is the suggestion of a fragrance that is needed; just that little subtle breath that sets one to thinking of blossoming flowers, dewy and beautiful, flowers kissed by the breeze which stole its sweets and brought them hither to set you a-thinking of pleasant things.

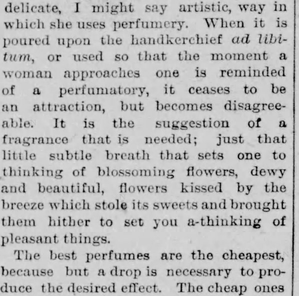
The best perfumes are the cheapest, because but a drop is necessary to produce the desired effect. The cheap ones are either coarse and rank, or else they are too effervescent to be of any value. A good thing to do is to select some one perfume which is one's own especial favorite, and then use it always so that it may become, as it were, a part of yourself, and bring a thought of you to your friends wherever its presence is perceived.

If you desire to have a faint odor cling to your wearing apparel,—and that is really most desirable,—it may be accomplished by using in bureau drawers, among handkerchiefs, with laces, etc., small sachet bags or cushions. One of the cheapest, and at the same time, most effective of perfumes, is the finely powdered orris root, which can be purchased at any drug store at small cost. Another way to produce the same effect is to gather flowers, such as violets, or the sweet, white clover blossoms, and scatter them among your belongings.

The cheese-cloth covered sheet-waddings sprinkled with sachet powder for the bottom of bureau drawers, have been already described in THE HOUSEHOLD, and they are very dainty.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

HONEYCOMB CLOTH STAND COVER.—Cut a square of the cloth of the size desired. It comes two yards wide, so that a half width will make a cover a yard square. Have a large, conventionalized pattern stamped on it. This may be what is called an all-over one, or one in the form of a border. Etch it with the heavy wash silks, then fill in all of the spaces outside of the leaves and flowers with rope linen of one shade run in straight lines in and out of the honeycomb. This makes a sort of background against which the flowers stand out in bold relief. Finish the edge with a colored fringe that will launder well. The figure will give an idea of the spread when completed.



SOFA PILLOW—An elegant sofa pillow may be made by cutting pears, peaches, etc., with their leaves, from brocaded velvet. They are to be appliqued on a rose colored or yellow back ground, with bright embroidery silks in button-hole stitch, and the stems and veins outlined with the same. You can have the other side of crazy work, or ribbon woven in and out.—MRS. ANNIE HARES.

BASKET WORK IN WEAVING.—To "Friend of THE BLADE" that wanted to know about basket work in weaving: It requires two contrasting colors of the chain to make the pattern; we will use brown and white in the present case. There must be eleven threads, six of brown and five of white. In taking the case always take up the brown thread first, and that will put two brown threads together on the other side of the pattern, and also changes the case in the next eleven threads. Continue in this way as wide as you wish the pattern. Some have basket work the whole width of the carpet. Again have a stripe of plain, and one of basket-work, according to the taste.—MRS. M. K. W.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting "Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—ch, loop; s ch, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, trebie; sh c, short crochet.

IMITATION TORCHON.—Cast on 16 stitches. 1st row—sl 1—6 plain—increase 1, viz, by k 1 p in the next st, where the st following the increase must be knitted—4 plain—increase 2—5 plain; 2nd row—sl 1—1 plain—m 1—p 2 tog—then m 1—2 plain—n—m 1—n—m 1—n—1 plain—m 1—n—m 1—n—m 1—n; 3rd row—sl 1—7 plain—increase 1—4 plain—increase 1—2 plain—increase 1—5 plain; 4th row—sl 1—2 plain—m 1—n—m 1—k 4—n—m 1—n—m 1—k 3—m 1—n—m 1—n—m 1—n; 5th row sl 1—k 7—increase 1—k 1—increase 1—k 4 —increase 1—k 6; 6th row—sl 1—k 8—m 1 —n—m 1—k 6—n—m 1—n—m 1—k 8—increase 1—n—m 1—n—m 1—n—m 1—n; 7th row—sl 1—k 5—n—k 6—n—k 8—n—k 7; 8th row—sl 1—k 4—m 1—n—m 1—k 4 —n—m 1—n—m 1—k 2—n—m 1—n—m 1—n—n 1—n—m 1—n; 9th row—sl 1—k 8—increase 1 —k 3—n—k 1—n—k 8; 10th row—sl 1—k 5 —m 1—n—m 1—k 2—n—m 1—n—m 1—k 2 —n—m 1—n—m 1—n; 11th row—sl 1—k 5 —k 3 tog—k 3—k 3 tog—k 9; 12th row—sl 1—k 5—alternate 7 times—m 1—n; 13th row—sl 1—k 6—increase 1—k 4—increase 2—k 9; 14th row—sl 1—k 8—n—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 2—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 1—increase 1—m 1—n—m 1—n—m 1—n; 15th row—sl 1—k 8—increase 1—k 4—increase 1—k 2—increase 1—k 9; 16th row—sl 1—k 4—m 1 —n—m 1—n—k 4—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 3—m 1—n—m 1—n—m 1—n; 17th row—sl 1—k 6—increase 1—k 3—increase 1—k 4—increase 1—k 8; 18th row—sl 1—k 2—n—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 6—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 3—n—m 1—n—m 1—n—m 1—n; 19th row—sl 4—k 8—n—k 3—n—k 3—n —k 7; 20th row—sl 1—k 1—n—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 4—m 1—n—k 3—m 1—n—m 1—n —m 1—n; 21st row—sl 1—k 5—k 5—n—k 1 —n—k 6; 22nd row—sl 1—n—m 1—n—m 1 —n—k 2—m 1—n—m 1—n—k 2—m 1—n— m 1—n—m 1—n; 23rd row—sl 1—k 5—k 3 tog—k 3—k 3 tog—k 5; 24th row—sl 1—k 1—alternate 7 times—m 1—n. The lower edge of this lace is finished off with crochet work. Make in every st of the edge 1 close ch st—3 ch st—1 close ch st. The upper is finished with crochet. Make 1 close st in every st of the edge. Make another row of close ch stitches, and a third row of d c.—FAY B.

Correspondence.

Winds of Summer.

BY S. S.

Summer winds, summer winds,
Where have you been?
What is your errand
O'er mountain and glen?
Wafting perfume from the Southland so fair,
Filling with fragrance the sweet summer air,
Tossing each tree
With turbulent glee,
Filling its branches with wild melody?

Summer winds, summer winds,
Tell unto me,
Where is the end
Of your journey to be?
Do you seek some far star with its glittering light?
Do you think that to leave us is doing quite right?
May we woo you to-day
And invite you to stay?
Or do you persist in your own wilful way?

Summer winds, summer winds,
Tireless and free,
Stealing the sweets
From the blundering bee,
Fanning our cheeks with the softest caresses,
Touching our lips with thy sweet summer kisses—
Does God from above
Permit you to rove
To send on your pinions a message of love?

A WORD PICTURE.—June by the almanac! June by the calendar of wild birds and blossoms! But April by weather clerk and laggard crops. Cold, raw winds, cloudy skies and frequent showers seemed but to emphasize some of the effects of last year's extreme drouth. Wearied by a warfare in which I only find defeat I resolve to "run away" for a while.

Yes, I am a very peaceably disposed person, unless some one tries to impress his principles—or lack of them—through medium of my toes, when the "Scotch" if apt to flame up, and somebody get scorched. But I had a different sort of enemy this time. Through cash and kindness I had a generous supply of flower seeds, and made calculations for a surpassingly gorgeous garden. The beds were prepared, the seeds sown, the ground watered and shaded with painstaking carefulness. Some of the seeds were politic enough to postpone appearance, but most came up beautifully. I did legions of black ants and spiders, and my precious, tiny seedlings disappeared as the dew—no trace left, and no seed to replant if it were any use.

Now, I have—or had—most beautiful pansies; every color and shade, from pure white to deepest black, and many three inches across by actual measurement. I have sweet Williams, sweet pinks, Japanese pinks, picoteers, etc. All these suddenly began to look as discouraged and sick as I felt. Investigation disclosed the fact that an army of cutworms had invaded the underworld. A "war of extermination" was at once inaugurated, and the end is not yet. The pinks responded nobly, and are prettier than ever, but I had to move all my pansies. But when that dreadful, insatiable scourge—the grasshopper—came in swarms, who can blame me for wanting to run away?

Donning my mask, I take my pail and, the Gordon setter racing ahead, I go down to the pasture-lot to pick strawberries—wild, sweet and fragrant as tame ones never were. The ground seems red with them, and is, in rare spots. Mostly, it is "nothing but leaves," tiny, shiny, red leaves, as bright and as useless as a "Washington territory promise." But I take all the tiny, sweet berries I can find, thinking to go to my pet patch, hid away among the firs. The ground is rank and rich, and the berries of unusual size and flavor, and have been watched till just ripe and lucious. I go, but I do not gather in my pear-shaped beauties. Some kindly-disposed person has saved me the trouble. I stand aghast and dumb, but wishing most vigorously I was a man for just a little bit, as, being "only a woman" language fails me, while my dog barks in wild excitement at traces of strange footsteps.

Later, when said persons tell me they took the berries, and found them "so nice," I think what a pity more people cannot be induced to read THE BLADE, that the principles of *meum et tuum* might better obtain. Now, I turn away in disgust, and plunge down into my tiny few acres of primeval forest—the only bit of country for miles around that is yet unscared by the vandal's ax, or mown by scythe or fire. Nature has it yet her own way, and shows a riotous luxuriance of all things lovely. Far overhead the pine, fir and larch sway and glow in the sunshine when the clouds break away. Hark to the wind! How like grandest organ tones it swells and dies away—rising and falling in that anthem that is old as creation. Down below here there is scarce a ripple in the air. The thickets of firs and spruce are so close set they must needs reach straight up toward heaven to get a share of sunshine. The thimbleberries are a drift of white blossoms, the big ferns are higher than my head nodding and swaying with a grace all their own.

I push my way through, climbing over fallen tree trunks, creeping under hanging branches, slipping into unexpected holes, and bringing up sharply in spots where I change my course. But in which ever way I turn, I find quantities of exquisite green and growing things, some of which I can name and many more I can't. What a fine, sweet, moist scent pervades all the thick red space! How wild and free the bird notes sound! What an echoing ring the tap of the woodpecker makes! How the squirrels chatter and skip as we draw near where they sacily watch us! Whiz! and away goes a beautiful bronze-tailed pheasant! Whiz! Wh-e-e! and the mother pheasant flutters just out of our reach, her plaintive cry and apparently broken wing meant to lead us away from the spot where her babies are hidden—a stratagem as old as time.

I laugh, call my dog back, and with hands full of woodland beauties, make my way out to the opening, where sweet wild roses perfume all the air, and gathering as I go, start homeward. Just at the entrance—as if hidden there on purpose to comfort me—I find a patch of great, red-ripe berries, and as I pick them, I am thankful I have enough to make the daintiest of dishes, wild strawberry shortcake, or the glass of jam that shall seem the concentrated flavor and fragrance of all bright pure days. I go home exultant, too, because I have found several more roots of pure white moccasin flower, fragrant as hyacinth. A heavy shower coming up before I can go to dig them, I find all the woods adrip, and added sweetness in the air. The honeysuckle swings heavy bunches of spicy bells, the serviceberry bushes are white with bloom, the wild cardinal flower fairly startles one with its brilliant red, while the *linnea borealis* has all its tiny pink joy bells attune, and the star-orchis shines waxen white amid its tender tints and shining leaves, and the little spring ripples and dimples in pure delight along its mossy way.

O how I do love and enjoy this one wild corner of the woods! I am glad it is full of fallen trees, brush and big rocks. I wish it were so bad no one would ever have the courage to clear it up, and I hope who ever tries to bring it under line and rule may have to dig ten times the fern roots he does potatoes. May the cutworms take his cabbage, and the grasshopper his beans and corn! There! But it is sure to be set on fire. Never mind! I have it now, and if you could see the trophies I take home. Great bunches of sweet wild roses and honeysuckles, clusters of late bluebells and honeydew, long delicate evergreen vines, with tiny pink bells, feathery mosses and white star-orchids, dainty nodding ferns and ground pine, and so all the rooms are fragrant with woodsy smells, and needlework seems easier in spite of a ruined garden. And next year—who knows? Perhaps some hardy plants may survive to cheer us on through this, and the wild pasture lot yet remains.—JEANIE.

Inquiries.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD tell us of some nice way to put up and can figs? We live where they grow in great abundance, though have never had any experience in putting them up.—MRS. M.

Will some one tell me what will remove iron rust from thin white goods?

If asked by any one to attend an entertainment, what should be the favorable reply?

Will some one also tell me what will remove new potato stains from the hands?—PANSY, Ill.

Merely say, "thank you. I should be very happy to go."—ED.

I wonder how many of the HOUSEHOLD sisters intend "taking in" the World's Fair? I have been thinking of some way whereby we, as members of the band, might recognize each other. It will be like a family reunion. Would it not be an enjoyable feature? And, above all, we must have our beloved editor label herself in some way that we can recognize her. Who will suggest a plan?—EMMA.

Will you please ask the many BLADE readers how to dry grapes, like those we buy at the stores? Also how to keep them on the stems all winter. Also how to keep skipper flies off of cheese.—H.

Can any one tell me anything that will clean plush? I want to take the stain of red flowers out of blue plush.—W. E. BROWN.

Will some kind reader of THE BLADE tell me if the warp beam of a loom should be higher than the breast beam? Also should the harness be longer on one end of the eye than the other?—MRS. FRANK M., Idaho.

Will some one give a good recipe for stuffed eggs?—MAY.

Will "Kara Kanawha" send her address to the editor of the HOUSEHOLD, who has, unfortunately, lost it?

Can not some one give some new way of cooking tomatoes?—MRS. W.

Will some one tell how to put peacock feathers together to make a good, strong brush?—L. F. X.

Answers to Inquiries.

"L. A. W." wishes to know the easiest cultivated climbing plants to make grow. I find the Japanese hop-vine to be one. When once the seed is planted you have it ever after, for where the seed is scattered it comes up the next spring. I gathered a root of the wild ivy from among the rocks on our ranch. That is a very beautiful vine after the frost turns its leaves to such beautiful colors.—MRS. E. W. MILLIS.

"L. A. W.," in BLADE of June 19, wants to know what climbing plants are easiest cultivated. Try Chinese Wistaria, pink, purple and white flowered, either. If they don't please, try Ampelofsis quinquefolia (Virginia creeper), or Ampdofsis veitchii, or wild common clematis, or jasmine or jessamine, or Chinese yam, all perfectly hardy; take care of themselves. If the above don't suit try bignonia radicans or trumpet vine; then if not suited try a good variety of grape, trim to suit your fancy, then you'll have leaves for shade, blossom and fruit.—ENOS TRYON.

If "Cherry Blossom" will sift wood ashes over her rose bushes twice a week, I think she will soon be rid of those lice. —PANSY.

"Pacific Slope Subscriber," the book you speak of is "Social Etiquette." Its price singly is $1. The address is Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, O. If you look over your BLADE you will find it advertised.—ED.

If "Daphne" will get chop for her little chicks and feed only three times a day, they will do better.—BELLE GREENE, Kansas.

Please answer though your correspondence column how to wash silk, and woolen shirts to prevent from shrinking.—A. A. D.

"Annie Reynolds," take insect powder and get a small bellows and puff it where ever the little red ants congregate, and it will kill them. You can get the insect powder and bellows at any drug store. I have tried it and proved it, and it killed the worms on my prairie queen rose, also. —MRS. ST. MARY.

"Miss Bernice," take common black Diamond dye, and put in the white hat and let it scald, not very hot, and take out and press the hat in shape; let dry in the sun, then take shoe polish such as you get in bottles and polish the hat, and it will be as nice as new. I have tried it. —MRS. ST. MARY.

X. Y. Z.: If the wedding is to be after six o'clock in the afternoon, or an evening wedding, a full dress suit of black is required, to be *a la mode*. If at any time of the day before that hour, what is called a Prince Albert suit, also of black, is the thing.

It would would be better to consult your tailor as to material.

White kid gloves are to be worn with either suit, and the tie should be a narrow, long, white one.—ED.

Tell "Bachelor" if he will take one teaspoonful of sugar of lead to one pint of water, and wash his feet in it twice a week for a few weeks, it will stop them from perspiring.—WILLIAM MANN.

Mrs. L., Pittsburg: The *Woman's Tribune* is edited by Mrs. Clara B. Colby, a most gifted woman, who knows what she wants to do, and goes to work to accomplish it. For some months the *Tribune's* headquarters have been in Washington City, but it still retains a home in Beatrice, Nebraska. It is doing a splendid work for the cause of woman's suffrage.—ED.

Recipes.

TO BLEACH STRAW.—Wash with a brush in soft water, using castile soap. Then take white corn meal, wet it, and spread over the material. Hang it in a light box or barrel, placing underneath in an iron vessel a few coals. Upon this put the broken sulphur with a small amount of saltpeter. Cover tightly to keep in the smoke. When the smoke dies out repeat until white, keeping the straw damp. (Straw that has been sunburnt will not bleach.) When bleached hang in the sun until dry. Brush off the cornmeal.—CAROLINE DYE, Kansas.

TO PUT UP CUCUMBERS—To H. A.—This is the way we put up our cucumbers, and they are crisp for a year after they are put up. First, lay them in salt-water over night. Put in vinegar and let come to a boil, then take out with a spoon and put in a jar, then heat fresh vinegar and pour over and put grape leaves over them and seal tight. We have tried this for two years, and have lost none.—SARAH E. B., Kan.

YANKEE LIGHT BREAD.—One cupful of buttermilk; 1 cupful of corn meal; 1 tablespoonful sugar; ½ teaspoonful soda; warm water and flour enough to make yeast as desired. Stir altogether to a smooth paste. Set yeast in warm water and keep very warm, but do not let it cook. When light, make the bread, putting in yeast, salt, and a spoonful of lard. Knead well. Put in pans to rise. When light again, bake in a moderate oven. When done, dampen the crust with a little sweet cream. Wrap in thick cloth and put in stone jar or tin boiler, cover up tight and the bread will be fresh for several days.

ONE EGG PUDDING.—One egg; 1 cupful sugar; 3 tablespoonfuls melted butter; 1 cupful sweet milk; 1 pint flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder. Beat lightly and bake in a quick oven. This is nice served with sauce as follows: One cupful sugar; 2 teaspoonfuls butter; 1 pint water; 1 spoonful flour. Stir well and let it come to a boil. Flavor with lemons or vanilla.

TO PRESERVE GREEN GOOSEBERRIES.—Top and stem the gooseberries, wash in cold water, and drain. To every pound of gooseberries allow 1¾ pounds of sugar and 1¼ pints of water. Throw the gooseberries into a porcelain-lined kettle, cover with boiling water and stand aside a few moments to scald. Put the sugar and water in another kettle to boil. As soon as it boils, skim and stand aside to cool. When the gooseberries feel tender, take them out carefully with a perforated skimmer and slide them carefully into a pan of cold water. Let stand a few minutes, then lift them again with the skimmer and put them carefully into the syrup. Stand over a gentle fire and let *simmer* slowly for about 20 minutes, or until they are quite clear. If the gooseberries seem likely to break, take them out carefully and allow the syrup to boil a few minutes longer. When done, put carefully into jars or tumblers and stand aside to cool. When cold, tie up as usual.—MRS. ROREN.

For the Young Folks.

Mollie and the Cricket.

MRS. L. MACDONALD SMITH.

A little brown cricket lived under the hearth
Of a little log house in the wood;
A bright cheerful fellow, with voice clear and mellow,
And appetite wonderfully good.
A little black girl, with hair all acurl,
Lived in this same little log house;
She was happy and gay, and sang all the day,
As chipper and chirp as a mouse.

She and the cricket were very good friends,
And had many fine times together;
For Brownie would chirrup and Mollie would sing
In stormy or sunshiny weather.
When night settled down o'er the wood and the fown
And the fire in the chimney burned bright,
Out Brownie would pop, with hipaty-hop,
To bask in the warm firelight.

To and fro he would go, now fast and now slow,
Over the hearth, bright and glowing,
And chirp and sing at each hop and spring,
With joy and with mirth overflowing.
Then Mollie would come and sit by the fire
And join in the loud cheerful strain;
Together they'd sing the very same thing
Over and over again,

Till at last little Mollie, grown sleepy and tired,
Would creep in her little straw bed;
But Brownie would stay wide awake until day,
And chirp and sing by her head.
At the first peep o' day he would bid him away
To his bed 'neath the cosy hearthstone,
There to sleep snug and warm, secure from all harm,
And leave little Mollie alone.

Little Mollie would rise with bright, happy eyes,
And begin, with the dawning, her song:
"Brownie chirruped for me all the night,"
murmured she,
"And I'll sing for him all the day long."
So by day and by night they were merry and bright
And happy, because they were good.
There was chirping and song through all the year long
In the little log hut in the wood.

Our Wonder Column.

This week begins the new feature for the Young Folk's Department and we trust it will meet with favor. Two prizes will be given for the best guessing in the month of July. The boy and the girl who get *all* of the natural history puzzles and the greatest number of the others, will each receive a book, the titles of which will be given next week. Write the answers clearly and distinctly, with the name and address upon the same sheet. Send them as soon as possible.

A Fourth of July Cow.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

IF you had asked any one of the boys of the Pelham grammar school who was the most popular boy in school, he would have answered, without hesitation, "Jimmy McKinley." You might suppose from this that Jimmy was a rich, handsome little fellow; but he was only a very red-headed Irish boy, the only son of a widowed mother, who took in washing from some of the best families in Pelham. And as for beauty, Jimmy's fair skin was so crowded with freckles that all the new ones had to overlap the others, and the stiff red hair would never stay in place, any more than the buttons would keep their hold on his rough jacket.

But he had a pair of merry blue eyes that had a trick of laughing when Jimmy was trying his best to keep his face sober, and he won friends every day of his life. The boys all liked him for his bright, sunny temper, his perfect honesty, and a manly way he had of standing up for anything that was suffering or being abused, whether it was a boy or a dog.

But about the cow. At the time when our story begins, as the novelists say, there wasn't any cow in the Widow McKinley's barn; but out under an apple-tree in the small orchard lay the poor dead creature which had helped to support the family for the last five years, and which Jimmy had driven, or rather accompanied, to pasture every summer morning, and tenderly cared for in the winter, and she seemed to him like a friend.

People used to laugh good-naturedly when they saw Jimmy coming down the street, with one hand on Mollie's horns, feeding her choice handfuls of clover, and asking her if it was good. One sharp, cruel stroke of early summer lightning had been quite enough to still the heart of the poor, faithful brute, and Jimmy and his mother, on this bright, sunny morning, were sobbing and bewailing their loss.

I fear that the first thought in the widow's mind was that Jimmy must now stay out of school and be put to work, and he was such a bright scholar that she had almost hoped the cow would fit him for college. Mollie gave an unusually large quantity of milk, as if she knew that it was intended for a poor widow, and Jimmy thoroughly enjoyed taking it on his little hand-cart to his customers, because every one said that it was the best milk to be had in town. The poor boy mourned as for a lost friend.

Up on the ball ground of the Pelham grammar school the boys were discussing Jimmy's misfortune. Jimmy was pitcher in the base-ball nine, and a famous pitcher, too.

"Poor Jamesie!" said Bob Millet. "He loved Mollie next to his mother. Why didn't that unlucky streak of lightning hit one of Farmer Dent's cows? He could easily spare one."

"Father says Jimmy will have to leave school now and go to work," said Lester Quimby. "They can't afford to buy another cow, and Mrs. McKinley is not able to work all the time, on account of her rheumatism. So Jimmy will have to help support the family."

"What a shame!" cried little Harry Wilbur, jumping with the ease of a Japanese acrobat from the high post on which he had been sitting. "I say, boys, let's buy 'em a new cow! I'll give all my fireworks money if you'll do the same, and I know we can get our fathers to help. Come on!"

"My Fourth of July money is a pretty small sum this year, said Tommy Trask, but I'll give it, every cent. Three cheers for red-headed Jimmy!"

The boys all gave the cheers with a will, and added an especially ferocious "tiger," and after that subscriptions came in easily. Harry Wilbur took out his small memorandum book and recorded the amounts in a very neat, exact hand, and in every case suggested immediate payment.

"Cash down saves a great deal of trouble, you know, boys," he said. He was wise enough to know that the tempting packages of fire crackers, the rockets, Roman candles and fancy pieces displayed in Gunther's window might prove too strong an attraction for their pocket books.

"See here, Harry!" exclaimed one, "this plan rules out all the fun Fourth of July morning, no powder, no crackers—the whole town still as Sunday."

"*Fun!*" shouted Harry. "Wouldn't you call it the best kind of fun to buy a prime cow and drive her up to the McKinley's on the morning of the Fourth?"

Three cheers for Harry Wilbur were called for and given with zest, and the boys went into the school-room with minds full of fine cows and pocket-money. But the most that could be raised among them all was a small sum, compared with what was needed.

"Let's earn the rest," suggested the captain of the P. G. S. base ball nine. "It won't be our present if we beg the money of our fathers."

The suggestion met with favor, and the boys worked for the next four weeks as if the welfare of the town depended on what they could earn. They solicited errands from the grocers and farmers and mill owners. They drove cows and picked greens and sweet flag to sell in the neighboring town. They fished and hunted for game, and gathered great bunches of young wintergreen, which they carried to the express station, two miles away, and sold to the passengers.

Every Saturday night they had a meeting in Harry Wilbur's barn to count over what they had earned during the week. It was really astonishing how the money grew. Mr. Wilbur kept it in his safe, and he had to count it about six times a week for the boys' satisfaction. The air was full of excitement.

Poor Jimmy in the meantime, was sorrowfully working away on his lessons, believing that this was his last chance with his beloved books. The boys were almost too kind to him. And yet he could see that they had a secret which they were carefully keeping from him.

It hurt the boy, for he loved them all. Even Harry Wilbur, whom he had drawn to school on his sled in the winter, and had taught to swim and skate, was careful to stop talking with the boys when Jimmy came on the play-ground. But they all made him presents of nice things from home and treated him like a little prince, which he was in heart if not in station.

It is not unlikely that the money in Mr. Wilbur's safe received a few additions from the larger purses of the boys' fathers who were in the secret. At all events, there was quite enough, on the Saturday morning before the Fourth of July, to buy a fine cow. Mr. Wilbur took six of the boys in his double carriage over to a large stock farm, and about five times as many more walked over to assist in the important business of selecting the very best cow that could be had for the money.

They inspected a great number before they were quite satisfied; but at last the farmer showed them a beautiful, gentle-eyed creature with a smooth, deep red coat and a long, arrow-shaped mark on her forehead. He said she was very kind and easily managed, and gave an abundance of the richest milk. The boys were delighted with her, and each of the 36 walked around her and inspected her with great seriousness. It was their purchase, and if they had not earned the right to be critical, I do not know who had.

Harry Wilbur named her Rocket on the spot, on account of the mark on her forehead, and perhaps, with another idea in his mind.

Never was a cow more hospitably treated than was Rocket during the next few days. In the stable of Mr. Wilbur's barn she was visited every day by crowds of boys, and was fed on clover and other choice green things, which seemed perfectly to agree with her, for on the morning of the Fourth her sleek coat looked like shiny garnet satin.

Jimmy McKinley looked out of his window before breakfast that morning—of course the boys could not wait any later than that! There were all the boys coming up the road, and they were leading by a long evergreen rope something that moved, to be sure, but was so crowned with wreaths and vines and ferns that one would hardly have suspected what it was.

Jimmy did not stand on ceremony, but rushed out to meet the procession and see what was on hand.

Harry Wilbur's eyes shone like two stars—he was so excited; and when he led pretty, large-eyed Rocket up to Jimmy, and put the end of the evergreen rope in his hand, and tried to make the little speech which he had prepared with such pains, something felt very queer in his throat, and he could only say:

"She's yours, Jimmy. We boys earned her, and you can come to school now. Oh dear, oh dear!" and the little fellow threw himself on the ground and cried for joy.

Jimmy stared in amazement, and when he fully understood that the beautiful gift was for him, and that the boys had loved him enough to give it to him, his laughing blue eyes grew misty, too, and his poor mother broke down entirely, and showered rich blessings right and left.

But Tommy Trask was equal to the occasion, and he proposed three cheers for the Widow McKinley, and three for Rocket, and then they danced around the bewildered cow and cheered her until their throats were dry.—[Youth's Companion.

WHAT IS IT?

I belong to a blood-thirsty family which is much feared by human beings, and yet a man can easily hold me in his hand. I have eight eyes, which, as you can understand, enables me to see what is going on around me. I live in a tube which I dig in the earth and then line with silk. In the end of it I put a door that I can close quickly whenever an enemy tries to enter my domicile. Sometimes I build a tower above the opening into my house, out of sticks, and if you did not see it, you would hardly believe what a skillful carpenter I am. The town is five-sided and the walls as smooth as any boy or girl could make them with tools. My coat is soft like velvet, and black, but my wife's is grayish brown, and we both have tremendously long legs.

I suppose you would like to know where we live principally. I think there are more of us perhaps, in Southern Europe than elsewhere, although some of our family have found a home on the Western shores of the United States. We are sometimes a tamed, but generally fight hard when disturbed, and have been known to kill stout men. Do you know our name?

TELL US.

What holds chickens upon their perches in the hen-roost while they are asleep.

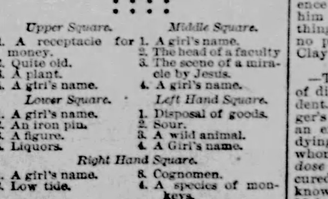
What is pimento?

BURIED CHRISTIAN NAMES.

1. We spent a day in the country.
2. I was at Omaha last week.
3. What is that Ned? It has no feet.
4. Where was Amy this morning?
5. The bow altered its position.

WILL.

GREEK CROSS MADE OF FIVE WORD SQUARES.



Upper Square.
1. A receptacle for money.
2. Quite old.
3. A plant.
4. A girl's name.

Middle Square.
1. A girl's name.
2. The head of a faculty
3. The scene of a miracle by Jesus.
4. A girl's name.

Lower Square.
1. A girl's name.
2. An iron pin.
3. A figure.
4. Liquors.

Left Hand Square.
1. Disposal of goods.
2. Sour.
3. A wild animal.
4. A Girl's name.

Right Hand Square.
1. A girl's name.
2. Low tide.
3. Cognomen.
4. A species of monkeys.

NED.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ROBERTS, WIS.

Clara Kinsey,	Mabel Brown,
Grace Sanford,	Effie McCasland,
Maudie Sanford,	Abbie Churchill,
Teddy Jehlman,	Maudie Davis,
Juanita Barry,	Eva Hill,
Cecelia Jehlman,	Walter Sutherland,
James Graham,	Frank Graham,
Lee Barry,	Lena Jerli,
Mattie Hill,	Freddie C. Partridge.

IRVING, KAN.

Florence Smith,	Fred. Reynolds,
Morris Smith,	Virona Koch,
Grace Smith,	E. W. Koch,
Carl Smith,	R. L. Koch,
Mabel Seldon,	Susy Johnson,
Maude Seldon,	Sue Johnson,
Myrtie Turner,	John Biddison,
Maude Durgin,	Walgene Biddison,
Dell Johnson,	Willie Lane,

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Pension Questions.

L. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: "A boy 17 years old enlisted in the army in 1861, was with the Army of the Potomac and took part in the battles at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hills, beside several skirmishes; was a good soldier and never shirked duty, although sick a great deal with chronic diarrhea. When the army was about to leave Harrison's Landing he was so sick he was sent to the hospital, from there to Washington. On getting better, he was detailed as nurse in one of the hospitals. He never fairly recovered from the disease while there. He left the hospital and came home without being discharged. Can he get a pension, or will he be termed a deserter? If so, what is the law in his case? I would say he served over two years enlisting for three years."

State your case to some pension attorney at home, in whom you have confidence. He can advise you fully, and you can act accordingly.

Old Soldier, Raritan, Ill.: "Can a woman draw a pension of $12 per month as a dependent mother, she having a living husband, a son and daughter, all able bodied, she being the owner of real estate?

If she has property from which she derives sufficient to support her, she is not entitled to a pension.

J. M. B., Palmer, Ill.: "Can a deserter get a pension? If so, how?"

No, unless he deserted after May 1, 1865.

G. B., Walnut Grove, Ill.: "To whom shall I write to find out if there is any ration money or back pay or bounty due my father's heirs? He was commissary sergeant in the 16th Illinois cavalry."

Write to "Commissary General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C."

T. R. F.,——: "I am now drawing $6 per month for a wounded arm. I have been troubled for years with a chronic nervousness in the head, which disqualifies me for mental work, by which I am engaged. But it does not disqualify me for manual labor. 1.—Under the disability law, can I draw for head trouble? 2.—Can I also retain the pension for wound?"

1.—Yes. 2.—Yes, not exceeding $12 per month.

N. P., Hammond, Wis.: "Am a soldier's widow with two children under 16 years of age, own a small farm, but in debt. Under the disability pension law, will owning the farm be any obstacle to procuring a widow's pension?"

You are entitled to a pension under the law. We have handed your letter to a reliable agent, who will send you blanks.

C. R., Kingman, Ind.: "I was a soldier's widow till I married again. My husband was a poor man with a large family. They all died, and my husband is dead. He left me to institute proceedings." Some tell me I can draw a pension because of once being a soldier's wife. Please tell me if you think I can."

No. You are no longer a soldier's widow, and not entitled to pension, under the law.

M. P., Gillingham, Wis.: "Is any law in force that gives a soldier's widow $12 per month from death of husband? I have drawn $12 per month from March 19, 1866, and $8 per month from that date back to death of husband, Nov. 17, 1865. Some have told me that I could get $4 per month back to that date. Please to inform me."

There is no such law. You have had all the law allows.

R. E. D., McDowell, Ill.: 1. "Does the state of Ohio award medals to her soldiers? I am getting $4 per month pension now. Am I entitled to more under the disability law? Will I have to apply for increase?

2. Are Ohio granted medals only to soldiers who re-enlisted after having served one full enlistment of three years. 2. You are not entitled to anything under the disability law if you are drawing your own pension.

J. I. Necsho, Mo.: "Does the present pension law allow pensions to dependent widows of home guards or state militia?"

Yes, if the soldier was sworn into the service of the United States.

How to Get a Patent.

E. L. P., Sabetha, Kan.: 1.—Patents are issued to inventors and designers for a period of 17 years. Application for a patent must be made in writing to the commissioner of Patents. The applicant must also file in the patent office a written description of the same, and of the manner and process of making, constructing, compounding, and using it, in such full, clear, concise, and exact terms as to enable any person skilled in the art or science to which it appertains, or with which it is most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound, and use the same; and in case of a machine, to explain the principle thereof, and the best mode in which he has contemplated in applying that principle, so as to distinguish it from other inventions, and particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement, or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery. The specification and claim must be signed by the inventor and attested to by two witnesses.

When the nature of the case admits of drawings, the applicant must furnish one copy signed by the inventor or his attorney in fact, and attested by two witnesses, to be filed in the patent office. In all cases which admit of representation by model, the applicant, if required by the commissioner, shall furnish a model of convenient size to exhibit advantageously the several parts of his invention or discovery.

The applicant shall make oath that he verily believes himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of the art, machine, manufacture, composition, or improvement for which he solicits a patent; that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or used, and shall state of what country he is a citizen. Such oath may be made before any person within the United States authorized by law to administer oaths, or, when the applicant resides in a foreign country, before any minister, chargé d'affaires, consul, or commercial agent, holding commission under the government of the United States, or before any notary public of the foreign country in which the applicant may be.

On the filing of such application and the payment of the fees required by law, if, on such examination, it appears that the claimant is justly entitled to a patent under the law, and that the same is sufficiently useful and important, the commissioner will issue a patent therefor.

Fees must be paid in advance. On filing the application for a patent, $15; on issuing of patents, $20—making $35 in all.

2.—It is not necessary that the patentee must manufacture his own invention. 3. After you get your patent, then set your device to for sale, in periodicals that will reach the class of people interested in that particular device.

Old Coins.

J. B. J., Atlantic, Iowa: 1.—The silver dollar of 1804 is valued by coin collectors at $250. This is because of its extreme rarity. There was no issue of these coins that year, and only a few proof coins were struck. Of these, only some four or five are in existence. 2.—The cent of 1804, fillet head, if in fine condition, is worth $5.

R. E. S., Dysart, Iowa, says: "I have a coin about as large as a cent. It has no rules on it, and has on one side the words 'Army and Navy,' on the other, 'The Federal Union—It Must and Shall be Preserved.' When was the coin used, and what for?"

It is not a coin, but a token, issued during the rebellion. There were a great many designs of these, which were issued by private parties, and for a time were used as cents, although they were issued without authority of the government. There is no premium on them. For dollar of 1804, see above.

F. K. C., Atlantic, Pa.: There is no premium on the half-dollar of 1819; none on the dime of 1855, and none on the silver 3-cent piece of 1851, '52 and '53.

J. V. S., Madrid Springs, N. Y.: The larger coin of which you send a rubbing has on the obverse a head of Queen Victoria, surrounded by the inscription, in Old English text, "Victoria D. G. Brit. Reg. Fid. Def." and two letters indecipherable) mdcccixxx," which means, "Victoria, by the grace of God, of Britain Queen, 1890." The reverse has a cross, with the emblems of England, Scotland and Ireland; the inscription reads, "One florin—one-tenth of a pound." It is a British florin, or two-shilling piece, silver, worth 48 and a fraction cents. The second coin is a Prussian groshen of 1852, worth about two cents.

F. W., Granville, O.: The rubbing of a coin you send is so obscure we cannot determine what it is.

M. F., Pitt's Point, Kan.: There is no premium on half dollars of 1855 or 1857, and none on quarter dollars of 1858.

W. H., College Corner, O.: No premium on the half dollar of 1857.

Sabbath and Sunday.

J. B., Turner, Ill., sends the following, for the benefit of Biblical students interested in the matter: "Your answer to W. C. H., in regard to 'Sabbath and Sunday,' was very good, [Weekly BLADE June 26,] and I would like to submit Scripture, showing how it (the Sabbath,) was incorporated into the Jewish law, and how abolished—for the benefit of those who may have certain ideas in regard to the Sabbath institution. We find in Exodus xvi, 1, that the children of Israel had traveled 30 days and no mention of a Sabbath yet; the rest of the chapter shows manna fell during six days and on the seventh none. The 22d and 23d verses show that they had no knowledge of the Sabbath before. We find it next as one of the Ten Commandments—Exodus xx. We find it coupled with the observance of the seventh year Exodus xxiii, 9-13; also, in Exodus xxiv, 18-27, it is included among the ceremonial feasts. The most important chapter showing its connection with the feasts is Leviticus xxiii; please read the whole chapter. This is sufficient to show its place in the Jewish system of worship. The next scripture I would call attention to is Hosea, ii, 11; which shows that all these would cease. The reason is given in Isaiah i, 11-15. Now please read Colossians ii, 16. These texts, to my mind, make a very clear story. Paul, in Romans xiv, 5-6, shows its our duty; If we regard the day it is accepted, if not, it is not necessarily sinful. You say there is no command for a day in the New Testament, and so there is no sin. If the law is revealed in the New Testament were lived up to by professing Christians, there would not be so much whining about Sabbath desecration."

The Nicaragua Canal.

E. E. B., Dudley, S. D., asks: "What progress is being made on the Nicaragua canal?"

Since Warner Miller's accession to the presidency of the company, the great enterprise has been pushed with increased vigor. A contractor has 500 men at work on the canal at present, engaged in railroad construction, etc., and in deepening Greytown harbor. Then there are 300 or 400 more men employed by the company, while the working force is constantly being added to by new arrivals. Jamaica negroes are the favorite laborers, Nicaragua itself furnishing a very small supply of workmen. A steamer has lately sailed from New York for Greytown with a reinforcement of American engineers and skilled construction employés. Another steamer is loading at New York with railroad material, machinery, supplies and provisions. A sailing vessel is loading with lumber and railroad ties at Wilmington, N. C., and a steamer is receiving a similar cargo at New Orleans. The general health of the canal working force is said to be excellent. The United States has so much at stake in the construction of the canal and its opening to traffic that Americans generally will be glad to hear that the work is proceeding satisfactorily, and will trust that the good fortune which has attended the enterprise thus far may continue.

Sherman's "Bummers."

"Co. D," Vista, Mo., writes: "How did the name 'Sherman's Bummers' become attached to Sherman's army? It within itself was the best organized and disciplined army ever on the American continent."

The word was "bummer," not "bum," as you had it. On the march to the sea, Sherman's army largely subsisted on the country through which it passed. Foraging parties were sent out each day to secure food for men and horses. This proved very pleasant recreation to the soldiers engaged, for the plantations were very generally deserted, except by the negroes and women, and there was but little danger from Confederate scouting parties; the soldiers soon spoke of going foraging as going "bumming." From this the foragers were specially called "bummers." The term was always used in this sense during the march. The word "bummer" then did not have its present signification of a drunken loafer, which it has acquired within the last ten or twelve years. The word "bum" was not then in use. It originated during the tramp epidemic of 1875-8.

Negro Emancipation Dates.

J. B. B., Corn Hill, Tex., writes: "I notice that the negroes in Texas celebrate June 19, while those in Alabama May 8. Most of the histories give January 1 as the date of the emancipation proclamation. Please explain."

On April 16, 1862, congress passed an act freeing all slaves in the District of Columbia, and this date is celebrated by the negroes of the District. On June 9, 1862, Congress passed an act that from and after that date there should be no slavery in any of the Territories (not the states) of the United States. On September 22, 1862, President Lincoln issued a proclamation, which took effect on January 1, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any state, or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United State, shall then, thence forward and forever be free." On January 1, 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, declaring them free in states and parts of states then in rebellion, which were designated.

Hence the celebration in Texas of June 19, and in Alabama of May 8, do not refer to emancipation in the United States, but presumably elsewhere. Who can give the desired information?

The "Black Hole" of Calcutta.

Subscriber, Westphalia, Kan., asks: "Will you please give the number of soldiers who perished in the famous Black Hole, near Calcutta, during the Sepoy rebellion of 1857 or '8, and some of circumstances connected with the event?"

You are entirely mistaken as to the time of the event. It was not during the Sepoy mutiny of 1857, but the night after the capture of the city of Calcutta by Surajah Dowlah, June 20, 1756. The Black Hole was a strongly-barred room, eighteen feet square, in Fort William, with two windows, both opening toward the west, each with an iron grate on the side which the wind came, and further obstructed by thick iron bars and a projecting veranda outside. The British garrison of 146 men were locked in here for the night by their captors, July 23 survived till morning. The "Black Hole" is now used as a warehouse, and an obelisk 50 feet high, erected in memory of the victims, stands before the gate.

Siberia.

J. W. H., Hitchcock, South Dakota: 1.—About A. D. 1580, the Russian family of Strogonoff, to whom the Czar had granted lands on both sides of the Ural Mountains, applied to a Cossack chief, Yermak Kuteham, who ruled the country on the Tobot and Irtish rivers. Yermak invaded Siberia and made extensive conquests. Other adventurers followed up his success, which resulted in 1587 in the subjection to Russia of the khanate of Sibir (called after a town of that name) Tobolsk, Tumen, Pelym and Berezon were soon after founded and settled by Europeans. In 1604 Tomsk was founded, and the Cossacks, pushing eastward, founded successively Kuznetzk, Yenisei, Krasnoyarsk, Selenginsk and Pitrichinsk, and at last reached the shores of Behring Strait. The conquest of the country was effected in about 80 years.

2.—The year 1890, 1890, is the 114th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

The Death Penalty.

O. P. H., Lincoln, Neb.: The following are the facts about the abolition or practical disuse of capital punishment in Europe:

Belgium—No executions since 1863. Number of murders in ten years before, 921; ten years after, 703.

Finland—No executions since 1824. Murders extremely rare.

Holland—Capital punishment abolished 1870, with decrease in murders, despite increase of population.

Switzerland—Abolished 1874. Since reinstated by two or three cantons.

Prussia—From 1869-78, out of 484 condemned to death, only one execution (Hoedel).

Portugal—Capital punishment abolished.

Roumania—Abolished.

Tuscany—No execution for fifty years.

Russia—Capital punishment retained only for treason and military insubordination.

In these countries the death penalty is in use so rarely that it may almost be said to be discontinued:

Austria—From 1870-79, of 806 death sentences, 16 executions.

Norway—From 1869-78, of 14 sentences, 3 executions.

Sweden—From 1869-78, of 32 sentences, 3 executions.

The Change of Seasons.

Schoolgirl, Marion, Ind.: The change of the seasons is not caused by the fact that the earth is nearer the sun at some times than others. We are nearer the sun in January than in July. The change of seasons is caused by the fact that we receive the sun's rays at different angles at different times of the year. In summer the sun attains its greatest altitude, we receive the rays more perpendicularly, and it is warm. In winter the sun is at its least altitude, we get the rays more obliquely, and it is cold. At the equator the sun is never very far from the zenith, there is very little change in the season, and it is always warm. At the poles the sun never attains a greater altitude than 23.5 degrees, the rays are oblique and it is generally cold. In summer our days are longer, and we have more of the sun's heat. From the time the sun crosses the equator, on March 21, the days in the northern hemisphere are longer than the nights, until it crosses the equator again, on September 21. In the southern hemisphere the seasons are the reverse of ours. More than that, the inhabitants of that hemisphere are nearest the sun in their summer, and farthest away from it in their winter. So their summers are warmer and their winters colder than ours.

Weather Signal Flags.

J. B., Fremont, O.: The following is an explanation of weather flags, displayed over U. S. Signal offices in cities:

A white flag indicates clear or fair weather; blue flag, rain or snow; black triangular flag, temperature signal; white flag with black square in center, cold wave; red with black center, storm; yellow with white center, cautionary; red pennant, easterly winds; white pennant, westerly winds. The temperature flag when placed above another, indicates warmer weather; when placed below it indicates colder weather. When two or more flags are displayed from a pole, read downward, thus: A white flag with a black center, a blue flag and a white one at the bottom indicate a cold wave, followed by rain or snow, succeeded by fair weather.

The Great Religions.

J. M. C., Osgood, O., asks what is the estimated number of religious denominations now in existence: The prevailing religions of the world are:

Buddhist and Confucians	450,000,000
Mohammedans	200,000,000
Brahmins	177,000,000
Jews	7,000,000
Roman Catholics	190,000,000
Protestants	110,000,000
Greek church	80,000,000

We have not the means of giving the number of religious denominations or sects in existence.

2.—There are quite a number of phonographic schools, but we cannot advertise them in these columns. See rules above.

The Earth's Orbit.

Ella, Grand Rapids, Mich.: The earth in its revolution around the sun describes not a circle, but an ellipse, and the ellipse is not invariable. On the contrary, it expands and contracts so that the earth is 14,368,200 miles nearer the sun in perihelion than in aphelion. The mean distance of the earth from the sun is 92,400,000 miles, while the least distance is 85,215,000, and the greatest 99,584,100. This variation, known as the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, progresses through vast periods of time, and the cycle covers about 500,000 years. The earth has been approaching the sun for about 200,000 years, and is therefore still about 50,000 years away from the limit of the nearest approach.

"Ithuriel."

J. R. B., Corn Hill, Tex., says: "In a description of Greely's expedition, I notice the expression, 'Where Ithuriel reigns.' What is the meaning of 'Ithuriel?'"

The name Ithuriel was invented by Milton. It is the name of the angel in "Paradise Lost," commanded by Gabriel to search through Paradise, with Zephon, to find Satan. Ithuriel's spear caused whatever it touched to assume its true form. They found Satan close to Eve's ear, as she slept, in the form of a toad. At the touch of Ithuriel's spear he started up in his proper form. We do not understand the allusion you quote. 2.—We do not know.

Measuring Hay.

——, Troy, N. Y., this answers one query of E. B., Gardner, Ore.:

To find the number of tons of hay in long or square stacks or ricks the following is the rule: Multiply the length in yards by the width in yards, and that by half the altitude or height in yards, and divide the product by 15.

To find the number of tons in circular stacks: Multiply the square of the circumference in yards by four times the altitude in yards and divide by 100. The quotient will be the number of cubic yards in the stack. Then divide by 15 to get the number of tons.

Brief Answers.

Will some one send us a copy for publication?

T. E., Vienna, Mo.: We never heard of the song you mention.

E. L. C., Masson, Kan.: We have no copy of the song you mention.

A. B., Gardner, Kan.: We never heard of the paper you mentioned, and have no idea where gold filled is made.

M. W., Baldwin, Colo., asks for the best method of pressing flowers. If some one will send it, we will publish.

M. S. A., Middletown, Md.: We have never heard of the firm you mention, and therefore can express no opinion about it.

W. A. F., Walnut Hill, Ill.: 1.—The "learned professions" are law, theology and medicine. 2.—No addresses given in this column; see Rules above.

S. C., Centreville, Pa.: There is no way by which you can economically make ice on a small scale. The plants that are now used cost several thousand dollars each.

C. L. S., Rock Spring, Mo.: The article you refer to in THE BLADE of June 5 is an advertisement, and paid for. We know nothing about the article it recommends, and have no advice to give you in the matter.

Oregon Subscriber: The tower of the Auditorium at Chicago is 14 stories high, we think. We do not recall any 20-story building in that city. Business blocks of 8 to 10 stories high are common in all large cities.

R. L. La Harpe, Ill.: We do not know the composition of the artificial stone you mention. Sandstone is composed of small crystals of silex, cemented together by lime. The coloring is due to small quantities of oxide of iron.

O. M. B., Toledo, asks: "How many times did God own Jesus as his son?" We recall but once—at his baptism. 2.—Jesus was called a "Nazarene" because he lived in Nazareth during his youth and up to the time he began his ministry.

J. C., Osceola, Iowa, asks us to publish an old war song, a parody on "Kingdom Coming," the chorus being:

The Johnnies run, aha!
They'll fight us soon no more!
They must turn 'round that Logan's coming,
With the fifteenth army corps!"

W. T. L., Bargersville, Ind.: There are three quinine manufactories in the United States. We do not know the number of employes. Quinine has been on the free list for years, and remains so by the McKinley bill; so it is not pertinent to the tariff discussion.

C. A. E., Abner, Tenn.: A series of political resolutions is probably called a "platform" because they are that on which the candidates "stand." We have no idea when the word was first used in this sense. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, under the ward "platform."

M. E. K., Carthage, Mo., wishes to know where the lands of the Sacs and Foxes that the government bought, are located, also where are the Ottawa lands that were lately bought? We have not a map showing them. Will some subscriber send the information for publication?

H. Van Dusen: The cross, in any form, is an emblem of Christianity. There are a great many varieties of the cross. The Maltese cross was so called because that particular form was the symbol of the Knights of Malta, one of the great military orders during the Crusades.

J. T. B., Frankfort, Ill., writes: "Will you please give the ring flirtation?" No; first, we don't know it; second, it is an insult for a man to attempt such stupidity with a respectable girl, and no girl in a fit mind will indulge in it. Leave such things to the demimonde, where they belong.

M. R., Sulphur Springs, Ky.: 1.—The interest on government bonds before the war was 5 and 6 per cent, but the bonds themselves were at a discount. 2.—The Christian religion is older than the Mohammedan. 3.—The Mahdi is a Mohammedan prophet, whose headquarters are at Khartoum, Africa.

E. M. S., Sherwood, Tenn.: The "Keely motor" is a machine invented by a man named Keely, of Philadelphia. He has been working at it for nearly 20 years. He claims to have discovered "a new force," and that his machine, if he ever gets it completed, will utilize this force so as to displace steam, and all other methods of producing power. Nobody is allowed to see what he is doing, and the general impression is that he is a humbug, or else self-deceived.

C. M., Morgantown, Ky., asks: "A friend has several two young alligators from the South, and I desire to ask how to care for them, what to feed them, etc., and also how to keep them through the winter." If many of our readers can answer the above question, we should be glad to insert it.

E. E. B., Dudley, S. D.: The state of New York does not exercise any more power in the local government of New York city than any other state does with its large cities.

2.—The term "jayhawker" is a cant name in the Western states for a free booter. We do not know how it happened to be given to Kansas people.

I. G. K., Tawana, O.: "Home Rule" for Ireland means to give it a parliament to deal with Irish matters exclusively. At present, it is the same as if Ohio were denied a legislature, and all laws relating to Ohio were made by Congress. 2.—Get a bookseller to order for you "Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." 3.—In order to preserve the equality of the small states with the large ones, the constitution was made to provide two Senators for each state, large or small; while in order to give population representation, one Representative is elected for a certain number of thousands of inhabitants.

$3,250 AN OUNCE.

Gallium, a Metal That Makes Gold Seem Worthless.

Probably ninety-nine persons in 100 if asked to name the most precious metals would mention gold first, platinum second and silver third. A few might add nickel and aluminum to the list. Let us see how near the truth they would be.

Gold is worth about $240 per pound, troy; platinum, $430, and silver about $12. Nickel is quoted at about 60 cents and pure aluminum at 8 to 9 per troy pound. Now compare these prices with those of the rarer and less well-known metals.

Taking them in alphabetical order, barium sells for $975 a pound, when it is sold at all, and calcium is worth $1,800 a pound. Cerium is a shade higher—its cost is $160 an ounce, or $1,920 a pound. These begin to look like fabulous prices, but they do not reach the highest point: chronium beings $200, cobalt falls to about half the price of silver while didymium is the same price as cerium, and erbium $10 cheaper on the ounce than calcium, or just $1,680 per pound.

The wealth of the Vanderbilts amounts to nearly $200,000,000. With this sum they could purchase 312 tons of gold and have something left over, but they couldn't buy two tons of gallium, that rare metal being worth $3,250 an ounce. With this metal the highest price is reached, and it may well be called the rarest and most precious of metals.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

He has just got home from college and his head is full of knowledge, and the down upon his lip begins to show;
To himself he is a wonder and and you'd better stand from under, for there isn't anything he doesn't know.
—[Chicago Tribune.

So much bunting is called for on the Fourth of July that the goat ought to be our national bird.—[Puck.

A Yankton girl jilted her lover after he had gone to the trouble and expense of procuring a marriage license.—[Nebraska Journal.

"Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband get on very nicely together, I hear." "Of course; they both think the world of her, and so there is no chance for discord."—[New York Tribune.

"The trouble with standing up before a cannon to be shot," remarked Blobson, contemplating a Russian picture, "is that you can't very well dodge the issue."—[Burlington Free Press.

Probably the ice man has never noticed the dainty little tin tongs that are furnished with boxes of confectionery. They are neat, inexpensive and would be quite useful in his business.—[Washington Post.

Drowned the Music.

"Have you been to hear Strauss?"
"Yes. Couldn't hear a thing."
"Why not?"
"The ushers' clothes were too loud."—[N. Y. Sun.

"Hunger is the Best Sauce."

As a rule, a person who has a good appetite has good health. But how many there are who enjoy nothing they eat, and sit down to meals only as an unpleasant duty. Nature's antidotes for this condition are so happily combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla that it soon restores good digestion, creates an appetite, and renovates and vitalizes the blood so that the beneficial effect of good food is imparted to the whole body. Truly hunger is the best sauce, and Hood's Sarsaparilla induces hunger.

Talmage's Sermon.

HIS SUBJECT: "WE ARE WITNESSES."

The Celebrated Brooklyn Preacher Talked to an Immense Congregation at Beatrice, Nebraska, Last Sunday.

BEATRICE, Neb., July 6.—Dr. Talmage preached here in the open air to an immense congregation which had gathered from all the surrounding country to hear the famous preacher. His text was, "We are witnesses" (Acts 3, 15.) Following is the sermon:

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, on the Inman, and the National, and the White Star line are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand-boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses. So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, heard his voice, and talked with him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experience and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now Let Me Play the Sceptic

for a moment. "There is no God," says the sceptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the age." There is an aged man moving over yonder as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this assembly there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesse!"

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defence of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beatiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul. Put a man of the work and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical. Our weapon in this warfare is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then in order to have faith we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am ready in my right-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just such to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

The First Proposition Is,

We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The gospel may have a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached for ten years without a convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Judoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 35,000 Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Thiti fifteen years without a single conversion, at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion, yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were around that man who could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us, they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found saying, "Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being, "Free grace."

Oh, It Was Free Grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for ten years. What did that. Not temperance society. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Converting grace did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else!" There is a great sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port and when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this assemblage to-day who are no more what they once were than a water lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture or day is night.

Again: I remark that "we are witnesses of the gospel's power to comfort." There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college, and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say: "All this culture of twenty years for nothing." Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever, that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God, and when I was too weak to pray or to look up, he breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying: "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now, get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plat she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business? Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corliear's engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "get your mind off this; go out and breathe fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one, and say, "it is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that

Thou Hast Comforted My Poor Heart."

Again: I remarked that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farm house where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said, "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels on top?" and after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman who three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge are all summed up in mere heresay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their death-beds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one, you bowed perhaps in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few momentoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his lonliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What Made Her So Composed?

Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at least at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say: "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young, and old, and middle aged: "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like gauze-work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great number of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine, and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "Have you tried it?" "No, I never tried it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say, "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then, avaunt!" Let us take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and that have been comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

SOME CURIOUS CRIMINALS.

Horses, Dogs and Other Animals that Have Been Tried and Executed.

In 1686 a judge at Falaise condemned a sow to be mutilated and hanged for eating a child.

In 1580 a horse was solemnly tried before the magistrate and condemned to death for having killed a man.

In 1631, during the witch persecutions in New England, a dog exhibited such strange symptoms of affliction that he was believed to have been ridden by a warlock, and he was accordingly hanged.

"Criminal" animals frequently expiated their offenses, like other malefactors, on the gallows, but subsequently they were summarily killed without trial and their owners mulcted in heavy damages.

During the fourteenth century oxen and cows might be legally killed whenever taken in the act of marauding, and asses for a first offense had one ear cropped; for a second offense the other ear, and if after this they were asses enough to commit a third offense their lives became a forfeit to the crown.

In the fifteenth century cocks were sometimes credited with the power of laying accursed eggs, from which sprang winged serpents. In 1474, at Bale, a cock was publically accused of having laid one of those dreadful eggs. He was tried, sentenced to death and, together with his egg, was burned by the executor in the market place amid a great

OTHER CAPITAL NEWS.

NOMINATIONS.

The Latest Appointments to Office by the President.

The President has made the following nominations:

General appraisers of merchandise under the provisions of an act of Congress approved June 10, 1890—George C. Tichenor, of District of Columbia; George H. Sharpe, of New York; James A. Jewell, of New York; Charles H. Ham, of Illinois; Joseph B. Wilkinson, Jr., of Louisiana.

Louis R. Walters, of Pennsylvania, to be assistant United States treasurer at Philadelphia; Charles Willner, to be surveyor of customs, port of Burlington, Iowa.

Postmasters: Ohio—John M. Bently, Ada; John Hopley, Bucyrus; Clinton F. Bonham, Harrison; Charles B. Martin, Lancaster; Jas. M. Brown, Toledo.

Pennsylvania—Miles Bulger, Brownsville; Orrin H. Hollister, Meadville; Theodore E. Ramsey, Wayne.

WILL THRIVE UNDER IT.

George Sheridan Talks on the Federal Elections Bill.

Gen. George H. Sheridan, soldier, orator, Republican, wit and ranconteur, who was at Washington on July 4, unfolded himself to THE BLADE representative and talked about the federal elections bill.

"It will work," said he, "if the Republican party has enough nerve. That's what will be needed and a lot of it. The Southern Democrats are jealous of their local offices and will never brook interference, but as to national affairs they are more indifferent.

"I'm glad they would divide if fit opportunity offered. If a law is put in operation which will insure free elections and a fair count, many Southern Democrats will split from their party on national issues. The colored vote will come out, too, if insured protection.

"It is purely a matter of nerve. So long as it does not mean a restoration of carpet bag local government, the South will not offer better opposition to the enforcement of the federal elections law."

THE SILVER QUESTION.

The Committees in Conference Have Come to an Agreement.

An agreement upon the silver question has practically been reached. It will provide for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month, no bullion redemption, the certificates to be redeemable in coin and to be full legal tender.

A meeting of the full conference committee has not yet been held, but as an agreement on this basis has been reached by the Republican members all that will remain to be done at the formal meeting will to ratify the agreement and order its report to the Senate and House.

Both Sides Are Claiming a Victory—The Conference Report Being Discussed.

Notwithstanding the seeming surrender of the anti-silver men in the conference over the silver bill, Mr. Sherman has got in some work which makes the compromise bill not such a radical silver measure as Mr. Jones may take it to be.

Mr. Bland has already discovered this, and is trying to arouse the silver men to resistance of the conference report. Of course, the bill is not what the anti-silver men would have if they were in a position to help themselves, but it is not nearly as bad as it might be.

The bullion redemption clause is stricken out, but the declaration that it is the policy of the government to maintain the parity of gold and silver dollars, it is held, will give the secretary of the treasury authority to follow such a course as he may find necessary any time to maintain the value of the certificates.

Mr. Sherman thinks this about as good as the bullion redemption clause. Again the provision is made for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver, or so much thereof as may be offered. Mr. Bland says that the secretary can stop the purchase of silver under this clause by driving down the market price of silver so that none will be offered.

BACK TO WASHINGTON.

The President Returns to His Duties at the Capital.

The President, accompanied by Gen. and Mrs. Sewell, Miss Sewell and Secretary and Mrs. Halford, left Cape May on July 8 on a private car attached to the 9 o'clock express for Washington. The party divided at Philadelphia, Mrs. Sewell and Miss Sewell leaving it and the President, Secretary Halford, Mrs. Halford, Miss Halford and Gen. Sewell driving to the Pennsylvania railroad broad street station, where they boarded a special car that was in waiting. Their stop in the city was a short one, for at 12:35 the car carrying the Presidential party was attached to the Congressional express and started for Washington.

Interstate Commerce Questions.

The Interstate Commerce commission was engaged on July 8 in hearing the case of the Kauffman Milling company, of St. Louis, vs. the Missouri Pacific and about 20 other Western and Southwestern railroads. The charge in this case is that defendant companies levy and collect for the transportation of flour from St. Louis and other northern and western points to points in Texas, a greater rate than they charge for the transportation of wheat between the same points.

Two Democrats Seated.

The house committee on Elections on July 8 disposed of two Mississippi contested election cases—Hill vs. Catchings, from the third district, and Kernaghan vs. Hooker, from the 7th district. The decision was in favor of the sitting Democratic members, Catchings and Hooker.

The Tariff Bill Not Taken Up.

The Senate, on July 7, refused, by a vote of 20 to 23, to take up the tariff bill immediately.

On the Retired List.

Brig. Gen. Benjamin H. Grierson was placed on the retired list of the army on July 8.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Resume of Daily Proceedings for the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—In the Senate the bill was passed for the admission of Idaho to statehood.

The House spent the day in considering the federal election bill.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—In the Senate a bill was passed which directs the secretary of the Interior to send to the recorder of deeds in each city in which lands so patented lie, lists of the lands patents in that county that have been in the general land office uncalled for for twelve months. The Senate agreed to the amendments to the legislative appropriation bill, and it was sent to the President. The shipping bills were discussed.

In the House the Lodge Federal elections bill was passed—155 to 149.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—In the Senate the shipping bills were discussed, and the Senate adjourned till Monday. Routine business was transacted in the House and a like adjournment taken.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The conference report on the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill was agreed to; the Senate refused to take up the tariff bill; the shipping bills were discussed.

The House—On motion of Mr. Payson, of Illinois, the House went into committee of the whole (Mr. Peters, of Kansas, in the chair) for the consideration of Senate bill to forfeit certain lands heretofore granted for the purpose of aiding in the construction of railroads, with a House substitute therefor.

What's In a Name?

There are two men named Candler in the House of Representatives; one of them is a member and hails from Georgia, the other is an employe and is not in any way related to the member, yet the resemblance tie two Candlers bear to each other is so striking as to be remarkable. Both have the whitest of white hair, both wear irreproachably-cropped white whiskers, both have the same peculiarities of manner, and there is no dissimilarity in the sound of their voices. When they are together it is seen that the employe is the smaller of the two, but that is the only difference that has as yet been discovered.

There was a call of the House last week and the sergeant-at-arms and his deputies were scouring the capitol for absentee members when one of the deputies came across Candler, the employe. In spite of his remonstrance he was escorted to the House and would undoubtedly have been hauled before the speaker had not Sergeant-at-arms Holmes seen the genuine Candler in his seat. The incident has cost Mr. Holmes something, for everybody has been twitting him with the blunder. It takes at least one bottle of champagne to close the mouth of a bibulous Congressman.

GENERAL NEWS.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Trouble Said to be Brewing Among the Republics.

Thos. A. Sarsfield, until recently a resident of San Salvador, and a property owner in Guatemala, was introduced in Chicago on July 7.

"Trouble is brewing in all the Central American republics," said he, "and I shouldn't be surprised to hear of a general uprising at any time. It all arises over the proposed union of states between the governments of Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua, San Salvador and Guatemala.

"The head officials want to see the union effected, but the people are opposed to it for fear they may unknowingly give away their rights. You have already been informed of the trouble in San Salvador, how Gen. Menendez was poisoned, and the opposition, with Gen. Ezeeta, put in power. Just exactly how all this will terminate no mortal man can say. I understand that large shipments of arms and ammunition have been made during the last two or three weeks from San Francisco.

"If this be true, a bitter warfare is sure to be waged, resulting in much bloodshed. Such a calamity would prove very disastrous to any plan of union, because as soon as the soldiery of one state begins to leave the cities the rival political factions will surely begin fighting themselves. I shall be away from the country for some time, until the troubles have quieted down somewhat anyway."

THE STRIKE FELL THROUGH.

The Trouble Among London Policemen Has Blown Over.

Several police attached to the Bow street station, London, who were suspended for refusing to go on duty because of the transfer to another district of a Bow street constable who had taken a prominent part in the movement to improve the condition of the police, were to-day dismissed from the force. There is much excitement among the police over the matter, and they threaten to go on a strike.

Quietness prevailed throughout the entire metropolitan police force on July 8. None of the men have gone on a strike.

Two members of the police force who were taken into custody for assaulting superior officers on the 7th, have each been sentenced to 24 days' imprisonment. The men are weakening. They have no organization and it is not likely they will attempt to enforce their demand by a general strike. It is probable, however, that further isolated districts may have disturbances. Constables who were dismissed from the force for their connection with the present troubles are petitioning the authorities for reinstatement.

FINANCIAL DISTRESS.

A Million in Gold Pouring in to Relieve the Pressure.

There is no abatement in the financial panic at Montevideo, South America, In order to stop the run on the banks, the government issued a decree making July 7 a national holiday. One million, five hundred thousand dollars in gold is on its way from Buenos Ayres, and it is hoped that upon its arrival the financial distress will be relieved.

The London *Times*, of July 8, prints a dispatch dated Buenos Ayres, July 7, with reference to the financial crisis in Uruguay. This states that the Uruguayan legislature met in special session to consider what course it was expedient to pursue in view of the suspension of specie payments by the National bank.

The session, which was held behind closed doors, was prolonged until midnight. Finally a bill was passed which will be promulgated at once, sanctioning the suspension of specie payments for six months, and pointing out the necessity for accepting this financial policy.

This action has alarmed the merchants and a deputation of them waited upon the finance minister and sought information in regard to the measure. The minister assured the merchants that the government had no intention of resorting to a forced currency. The government fears the people will not accept paper currency, but desire to save the national bank, if possible, by the present intermediate measures. If the effort of the government to assist the bank, or if foreign assistance to the bank will probably be forced to liquidate.

The Liquor Bill.

The Parliamentary committee, to whose consideration the monster petition of the Publicans in favor of compensation was preferred, has advised the House of Commons to refuse to receive it. The committee states that it has carefully examined the petition and finds many objections to its reception.

The chief of these, however, and the ones upon which the report is based, are its obscure phraseology and the palpable evidences of fraud in respect of the signatures attached, a large percentage of which, it is found by the committee, are fictitious. The inevitable rejection of the petition will be another triumph for the opposition.

Favors Independence.

At the annual banquet of the Club National, held at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on July 2, Hon. Wilfred Lauries, the leader of the Liberal party in Canada, said: "Canada cannot always remain a colony. The time must come when we will take our proper position in the world, and for my part I favor independence."

Spanish Cabinet.

A new cabinet has been formed at Madrid as follows:

Prime minister, Senor Canovas del Castillo; minister of Foreign Affairs, Duke of Tetuen; minister of Finance, Senor Cosgayon; minister of the Interior, Senor Silvella; minister of Justice, Senor Villaverde; minister of Commerce, Senor Isasa; minister of War, Gen. Azacarraga; minister of Marine, Admiral Berenger; minister of the Colonies, Senor Fore.

Mr. Parke Released.

Mr. Parke, editor of the North London *Press*, who in January last was convicted of criminal libel in charging that the Earl of Muston was implicated in the West End scandal, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, has been released from jail owing to the bad condition of his health.

Servia and Hungary.

The *Official Journal* of Montenegro, referring to the quarrels between Servia and Hungary, expresses the hope that the danger threatening the Servians will lead to internal unity and the formation of an alliance with kindred peoples against the common enemy.

The Evacuation of Egypt.

The Turkish government has sent a new note to the British government demanding that it fix a date upon which Egypt will be evacuated by the British troops without the right of again occupying that country.

William on a Junket.

The emperor of Germany has started on a tour of the Norwegian coast. King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, has appointed his majesty an honorary admiral in the Norwegian navy.

A MYSTERIOUS TRUNK.

Sensational Developments in the Grand Island Murder Case.

Another trunk mystery has developed in the Grand Island murder. Last January a farmer drove up to a hotel on Niagara street, Buffalo, kept by Jacob Roesch, and left a trunk and a pair of boots, saying that they would be called for by a man who worked for him on Grand Island. This trunk was never called for. Last fall a young man staid a few days at the hotel. He gave his name as Chapman and on leaving said he was going to work for a widow on a farm on Grand Island. He wore a pin and a Masonic emblem similar to one worked on the trunk. Roesch's suspicions were aroused by the recent murder, and, as Ackerman's mother is a widow, he notified the police of the trunk being in his possession. Detective Lyon took away the trunk. It was found to contain articles of wearing apparel and letters addressed to Chapman. The question now is whether Chapman and Meisner are not the same persons. The police will say nothing, but some interesting facts will be brought out at the inquest. Ackerman's lawyer declares that he has not run away and can prove his innocence, but no one has seen him since Saturday.

A VANDERBILT MOVE.

Reaching Out for Territory in the Great Southwest.

The New York *Times* of July 3, has the following: "Wall street has a story of interest to explain why Cornelius Vanderbilt cut his European sojourn short, to hurry home, in midsummer. It was very generally supposed in Wall street that Mr. Vanderbilt would remain abroad until late in the fall. Certain arrangements which he was known to have made gave color to this theory.

"It is a business matter of extraordinary importance which is said to have brought about so sudden and so pronounced a change in his plans. The Vanderbilts, it is said, have agreed to push their investment beyond the circle in which they have hitherto been confined; they are to enter the Southwest.

"While in London, it is stated, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was induced by Baring Bros., to make an investigation of the financial condition and prospects of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad. The New York millionaire has the habit of acting promptly; and within a week after a carefully prepared statement was submitted to them which is said to have conveyed to the Baring brothers the assurance that he was ready to join with them in the ownership and management of the Atchison system. How large an interest was offered to him is not divulged; of course it was not small.

"Upon what is known, Wall street builds the expectation that a representative of the Vanderbilt interest (probably more than one representative), is to enter the Atchison directory. It is known that since Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt returned to this country one of the foremost directors of the Atchison company has been his guest and in consultation with him at Newport.

"The reason for a Vanderbilt interest in Atchison is very readily discernable. At Chicago the Atchison can be joined and made practically a part of the system which extends through the southwest.

"There is in the Atchison property today no pronounced interest. Bankers and the friends of bankers own the property and manage it.

"If the New York Central and Lake Shore owners be admitted into the Atchison management, they will, (so far as its practical operation goes) soon practically dominate it. Such an influence would be of value to the banking interest whose investment is involved, for the reason that net results must, under such circumstances, be very largely increased by the close relationship coming through the connection and practical partnership with the Vanderbilt eastern properties.

"Economies easily practicable will add perceptibly to the Atchison's net revenue. No step which has been made since the organization and rehabilitation of the property began can compare with the beneficial results sure to come from this new relationship. In a Vanderbilt partnership and with the Vanderbilt backing the Atchison property has brighter prospects now than ever before."

CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The First General Reunion Held at Chattanooga.

The first general reunion of Confederate veterans commenced in Chattanooga on July 3, continuing three days. The city was brilliantly decorated with blue and grey bunting, the stars and stripes, and large pictures of prominent generals and other leading characters on both sides in the late war.

Several thousand people came from the various Southern states, among them being Gen. Kirby Smith, Gen. John B. Gordon and others prominent in the war. Addresses of welcome and response were made on the 39th. In the grand military parade Friday morning, there were some 10,000 old soldiers and the militia from all parts of the south. Gen. Gordon, the general commanding, reviewed the troops and delivered an address from the saddle. The Tennessee river, Cameron Hill and Lookout mountain were illuminated Friday night by a grand pyrotechnic display.

WILL PULL TOGETHER.

Chicago as a Whole, Will Now Hustle for the Fair.

Fifteen state socie ties were represented at a special meeting of the States association of Chicago, held on July 3. The action of the national commission in accepting the recommendation by the directors of the lake front—Jackson Park site for the World's fair, naturally occupied a place in the business of the evening.

It was brought about by the introduction of the following resolution, which was adopted:

WHEREAS, The directors have tendered and the National commissioners have accepted a location for the world's Columbian exposition, therefore be it

Resolved, By the States association, that we urge upon all our citizens prompt and hearty acquiescence in this decision, and we urge our city council, our press, and the whole body of citizens that, forgetting personal or private interests, they demonstrate that Chicago is worthy of the honor of the location of the world's Columbian exposition.

CHEAPER SEALS.

The New Company Prepared to Control the Whole of the Fisheries.

The *Chronicle* states that the Alaska Commercial company, which, until recently, had the exclusive right to capture seals in American waters of Behring sea, has now secured a contract with the Russian government granting them the exclusive right to capture seals on the Siberian coast.

The number of seal to be taken is not known, but is believed to be very large. The steamer Narluk, owned by the company, has recently sailed for Petroffsky, to capture seals there. The competition of the Alaskan Commercial company will be very severe for the North American Commercial company, which was recently awarded by the United States the sealing privilege in Behring sea, and it is believed the effect will be to greatly reduce the price of sealskins.

Sentenced Once More.

For the third time sentence of death was on Thursday passed at Buffalo on William Kemmler, the murderer, whose case has become famous through the long fight in the courts against the electrical execution law. Kemmler was brought from Auburn, when he was taken into the court oyer and terminer. Judge Childs ordered his previous sentence to be carried into effect at Auburn prison during the week of August 4.

Full of Poisonous Snakes.

The village of Dunfield, Warren county, New Jersey, near the Blue mountains, is a veritable harbor for poisonous reptiles and the inhabitants feel very insecure. It is no uncommon thing to kill rattlesnakes in the dooryard. Two persons are reported to have been bitten by pilots this season. Hundreds of snakes are killed on the railroad. The snakes crawl on the tracks and are run over by the cars.

Vetoed the Bill.

Governor Nicholls, of Louisiana, has returned the lottery bill without his signature. The governor denies that the state is in need of the money the lottery company would pay. The lottery company has two-thirds of the legislature, however, and will pass the bill over his veto.

Peabody Institute Burned.

The Peabody institute, at Danvers Mass., was burned to the ground on July 2. Loss, $75,000. The fire was caused by painters who were burning the old paint from the building. The building was the gift of George Peabody and was insured.

Advance to Puddlers.

Notice has been posted by the Columbia and Susquehanna rolling mills and the Columbia Iron company at Lancaster, Pa., of an advance in puddlers' wages from $3.84 to $4 a ton and other employes in proportion. Nearly 700 men are affected.

Army of the Potomac.

Over 1,000 members of the association of the Army of the Potomac, including all the leading officers of the organization were in attendance upon the annual reunion at Portland, Maine, on July 3.

Archer Sentenced.

Ex-State Treasurer Archer, of Maryland, came into court on July 7,, plead guilty to a charge of embezzlement of the funds of the state, and was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Condition of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, July 5, says: With the beginning of a new fiscal year we have heavy disbursements and easier money, better crop prospects and a continuance of larger trade for the season than has been in any previous year. At the same time it has been admitted that there seems to be within the past week or two a little more than the ordinary hesitation or slackening of trade at the arrival of mid-summer, and the confidence of the future as affected by legislation is rather less strong than it was a fortnight ago.

Railroad earnings thus far reported for June show a gain of about 10 per cent over last year, but those also show less gain for the latter than for the first half of the month. This may be due in part to further cutting of rates, attempts to adjust east-bound freight wars having thus far failed, and the strife between Canadian lines and those nearest the border having grown more bitter.

Nothing has occurred to make the prospects regarding legislation more definite. The demand for raw wool is scanty, the prices tending downward in spite of the smallness of stocks on hand.

The iron trade is more steady, but rather dull.

Leather is firm at all leading markets and activity in building renders lumber and other materials in active demaud, while anthracite coal is a shade stronger.

Wheat has been 1½c higher, the visible supply having rapidly diminished, but those who claim that much less than 70,000,000 bu. of surplus has been brought over to the new crop year are compelled to dispute the correctness of the official and only information of last year's yield. Corn has been a shade stronger, but oats are unchanged. Pork products are steady, and raw sugar a shade lower, reported stocks in all countries being 1,020,000 tons, against 667,000 a year ago.

Later reports from the south are very favorable as to growing cotton, and in Texas the estimated yield is the largest on record. Coffee has grown steadier after large liquidation, but the demand for consumption is disappointing.

The accounts from the interior cities are most hopeful, though at present quiet is noted at Philadelphia, Boston, and on account of heat, at St. Louis, Milwaukee and many other western cities. Chicago reports the dry goods and clothing trade larger than last year, with full orders, and satisfactory payments. Iron is dull at Cleveland, but groceries and hardware active. In all the reports received there is nowhere complaint of collections, and the confidence in a large trade for fall is almost universal, though it is recognized that an increasing volume of business has not of late brought a corresponding increase in profits.

The business failures occurring during the past seven days as reported number 190, as compared with 202 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 202.

WESTERN CROPS.

How the Weather Has Treated the Growing Grain.

Last week's bulletin of the Iowa weather crop service reports the average temperature above normal, and the rainfall deficient, except in a few counties. Corn is making remarkable progress, being in tassel in the southern part and about at seasonable height throughout the state.

The harvest of winter wheat, rye and barley is about completed and haying is in progress under favorable conditions. All crops are doing well, except in a few southern counties, where drouth has injured the oats, spring grain and grass. Three-fourths of the state has sufficient moisture for present necessities.

New Cotton.

The first bale of new cotton was received at Albany, Ga., on July 5, from colored tenants on a plantation in Baker county, Georgia.

Wheat Coming In.

The new wheat crop of Kansas is rapidly coming into the local market. The dealers pronounce the grain as first class and especially that received from southern Kansas. The weather has never been more favorable for harvesting and threshing of the crop.

PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRATS.

The Platform and the Ticket—They "View With Alarm."

The Pennsylvania state Democratic convention met at Scranton on July 2. There was much excitement over the struggle between Pattison and Wallace for the head of the ticket.

The platform adopted is long. It declares for ballot reform; it declares that tariff reform is necessary in order that manufacturers may be freed from the burden of unnecessary taxes on raw material; that local tax reform is necessary; that the law requiring that the surplus in the state treasury shall be invested in United States bonds should be enforced; comparison is challenged with Grover Cleveland's administration; both gold and silver coinage is endorsed; the people of all races and nativity should have the right to be apprenticed to a trade; Quay, and the late Republican convention is denounced; the Republican party is denounced and the past glories of the Democratic party are pointed to with pride, while the future of the country under Republican rule is viewed with alarm.

At the afternoon session ex-Governor Pattison was nominated for governor on the first ballot, and Chauncey F. Black for lieutenant governor. W. H. Barkley, of Allegheny, was nominated for secretary of Internal Affairs.

Maine Democrats.

Three hundred and eighty-five delegates were present at the Maine Democratic State convention at Augusta on July 3. The convention discussed the insertion into the platform of a resolution submitting to the people again the question of license or prohibition. The resolution was adopted after a stormy debate—145 to 99 Following this vote, Wm. Thompson, of Belfast, was nominated for governor by acclamation.

Wisconsin Republicans.

Chairman Henry C. Payne has fixed upon August 20 as the date for the Republican state convention in Wisconsin, and Milwaukee as the place.

EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Session Now Being Held in St. Paul.

The National Educational association began its annual session at St. Paul, July 8, and the largest crowd ever known in the history of the association was present.

The closing session of the National Educational council, was held on July 8, in the hall of the House of Representatives.

The executive council then decided to appoint a committee to revise the methods of doing business now in vogue, and Messrs. Sheldon, Soldan, White, Brown and Calkins were appointed, their report to be made next year.

The officers for the coming year were then elected, nearly all of the present officers being re-elected, as follows:

President Peabody; vice-president, A. J. Rickoff, of New York; secretary and treasurer, D. S. Kiehle, of Minnesota. Executive committee—C. C. Rounds, of New Hampshire; Joseph Baldwin, Texas; Lillie J. Martin, of California; Henry M. James, of Nebraska.

During the morning, in the senate chamber, the Minnesota county superintendents considered institute work.

A KEG IS AN ORIGINAL PACKAGE.

Judge Foster Renders a Decision at Topeka.

Judge Foster, of the United States court at Topeka, Kansas, on July 1, released E. E. Marshal, of Lawrence, and Julius Antoine and W. L. Burns, of that city, original package liquor dealers, after a hearing in habeas corpus proceedings. Attorney General Kellogg contended that the packages were not in fact original, since they were put up in convenient sizes to evade the law and suit retail purchasing.

In releasing defendants Judge Foster took occasion to say that the dissenting judges of the United States Supreme court had made the scope of the Iowa decision, as it now stands very clear, having expressly declared that whisky and beer might be imported from one state into another and sold by the keg, case, bottle or in any quantity large or small, just so it remained in the shape in which it was put up for shipment.

CLOUDS THAT LOOK LIKE WAR.

The British Lion is Reported to Be On a Tear.

A Washington correspondent declares he is in a position to say positively, and with full and accurate knowledge of the facts, that the negotiations have reached a crisis which threatens the most serious complications to both nations.

"Without wishing to be guilty of sensationalism or falsely misconstruing official utterances, your correspondent is able to state that Sir Julian Pauncefote has officially notified Mr. Blaine that if a single vessel flying the British flag is seized by American revenue cutters in Behring sea, or its waters, the powerful British fleet now assembling at Victoria, B. C., will receive immediate orders to recapture the seized vessel, and force will be employed if necessary.

"Unless the revenue cutter making the seizure should strike her flag to superior force, blood must follow, and, while this may not necessarily lead to a declaration of war, a condition of things close to it must follow which may well cause the gravest anxiety in the minds of all English speaking people."

The flagship Warspirte, which is expected to arrive daily at Esquimalt, B. C., and be ready for any emergency in Behring sea, is a powerful first class armored cruiser of 8,400 tons, carrying ten guns and Rear Admiral Hotham, C. B.

The Nymphe, Daphne and Esplegle, which accompany the flagship, are all twin screw sloops of eight, eight and ten guns, respectively. So this new fleet brings 36 guns on the scene in addition to the Amphion and Champion, already there.

American and English War Vessels Ordered to Patrol Behring Sea.

A. C. Mathews, first comptroler of the Treasury, arrived in Port Townsend, Washington last Sunday, bringing orders from the Treasury department for the commanders of the revenue cutters Rush and Corwin. Mr. Mathews delivered his orders to both naval officers, and left at once for Washington. The orders to the Rush were to proceed at once to Oaulaska and then to patrol Behring Sea, seize all vessels found with sealskins aboard or any other prima facie evidence that they had been poaching.

The cutters are then to take the papers and instruments, and leave on board only sufficient food to keep the crew until the vessel reaches the nearest port. If any resistance is offered, the poachers are to be fired upon and compelled to submit. Both vessels immediately prepared to proceed to sea.

The British government is centralizing the Pacific squadron at Esquimault, and it may be that the sealers will be protected by the authorities. When the squadron is mustered, it is reported that two and perhaps three vessels will be sent to sea, and will see that no British vessel is outraged nor the British flag insulted.

The British Lion Filing Up His Teeth Looking for Trouble.

For many months the only British war ship in Esquimalt Harbor has been H. M. S. Amphion. But now all is changed as if by magic. The Champion suddenly steamed into Esquimalt on July 5, closely followed by the Papane, Nymph and Espelgle, all sloops of war. These ships are entering dry dock one on two at a time, receiving scraping, painting, overhauling and taking on supplies, coal, provisions, ammunition and other articles requisite for extended cruises.

The Amphion is out on the straits of Fuca every day at target practice and tons of powder and shot are being used up perfecting the drill of her crew in handling her fine battery of guns. Every day large numbers of people stroll along the beach off Beacon Hill watching her maneuvres and following with their eyes her shells and solid shot as they ricochet from wave to wave.

Judging from her practice, H. M. S. Amphion could make it very interesting for any ship of her own class. Besides these dogs of war, the Warsprit, carrying the flag of Admiral Hotham, will arrive at Esquimalt not later than July 20. Her arrival will mark an era in the shipping of this province. She will be the largest steamer that ever entered these waters.

Admiral Hotham is a fighter, and his appointment to this station is very suggestive in view of recent events, and in fact that some 30 Victoria schooners are by this time hunting seal in Behring sea.

Everybody is wondering what the sudden gathering around Esquimat arsenal of these British gamecocks portends. Our sealing schooners went to Behring sea with almost certain conviction that they could conduct their business of hunting seals in perfect peace.

Now there is no use attempting to disguise the fact that they are very nervous and expect seizures. Almost any news would be better than the prevailing suspense and uncertainty. Nothing new is at all likely to transpire in this section until the admiral arrives, unless some sudden and unexpected news is received from Behring sea.

OVERRUN WITH RATS.

Hayti's Navy in Danger of Being Eaten Up Bodily by Rodents.

The entire Haytian navy, comprising the Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines, is reposing peacefully in Cramp's dry docks, Philadelphia, which is perfectly capable of containing it all, while repairs are being made to the two vessels which constitute it. When the Dessalines and her companion vessel steamed up the river, besides the officers and sailors on board she brought a great number of rats, which overran the ship to such an extent that they were not only an annoyance, but became absolutely dangerous to the men. At night they would venture forth and hold high carnival. Every scrap of food left where they could reach it would be carried off, together with the shoes of the sailors. After losing several pairs of shoes one of the sailors finally loaded them down every night by putting a small cannon ball in them. Articles of clothing began to be missed by the crew, and were the cause of much dissension among them.

As soon as the vessels reached Philadelphia and were made fast to the dock the officers were sent ashore with instruction to procure some cats. Two big, strong tabbies were procured and placed in the hold. The sailors fully expected to find next morning that the cats had slaughtered several hundred of the rodents, but they had killed the cats. It was then suggested that dogs be tried and a rat terrier was placed in the hold. After leaving him shut up for ten minutes, the hatches were opened and the sailors went down. This time they found some dead rats to pick up, but the terrier was also dead.

ALL HOPE GONE.

An Effort Making to Put Out the Fire.

The work of smothering or putting out the fire in the Hill Farm mine commenced on July 2. The mine cannot be flooded and an effort is being made to smother the flames. It is thought there is only one way in which the property will be of use again. That is to shut up the burning portion in walls of brick. By confining it in this manner part of the vein which has never been reached will be within reach.

The coroner's inquest over the bodies of the two men brought out of the slope on the first day began on Monday. It will be one of the most important ever held in that district. It will be the aim of the coroner to try and test the entire work done from the first.

What is most needed now is relief for the 21 widows and 77 orphans of the victims of the explosion. Money is needed badly, as there is much suffering.

YOUR FACE IS SAFE,

If Left on a Negative in a Photograph Gallery.

In the Minnesota Supreme court a decision was handed down on July 1 in the case of Ida Moore, of Minneapolis, against Photographer Rugg. Rugg sold a copy of Mrs. Moore's picture, which was put on exhibition in mproper places much to the discredit of the lady, and she brought suit for damages.

The Supreme court holds that it is a case in which there is good ground for recovery of damages; that the photographer has no right to dispose of pictures which are the sole property of the sitter. The decision is an important one. Similar cases have arisen once or twice previously in other parts of the country.

The *North German Gazette* says that the reichstag, on the whole, has followed the lines of the old cartel majority, owing to the conciliatory ability of Chancellor von Caprivi.

The *North German Gazette* says the government is about to establish a colonial council to consider, either jointly with the colonial department, or by itself, all questions relating to Germany's colonial possessions.

OHIO POLITICS.

Gen. Conger Thinks McKinley will be Re-elected.

While unable to say whether President Harrison will seek a renomination, I can state upon most excellent authority that the report about his having declared that under no consideration would he accept a renomination was false." It was A. L. Conger, national Republican committeeman from Ohio, registered at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago who spoke. "Should he not be renominated, who the successful man will be it is not possible at present to predict. Whoever it may be, however, I look for Republican success at the polls. Particularly so if the election law passes, and I most certainly think that it, as well as the McKinley bill, will pass. It is too bad so far as Ohio is concerned that the election bill framed by McComas could not be adopted, as in such an event the harmful effect of the Democratic gerrymandering could be counteracted or foiled. As it is, the congressional fights in Ohio this year are destined to be very close and bitter and it is not unlikely that the Democrats may, as the result of their wholesale gerrymandering, secure control of the next House."

"Will McKinley secure a re-election?"

"His district, since the Democrats doctored it, has now an estimated Democratic majority of 2,500, but still I think that McKinley will be returned for the reason that conservative business men of the Democratic party who admire McKinley's honest and able record, will ignore their party ties to vote for him This is not speculation, but information received direct from the mouth of Democrats. There is some prospect that ex-Governor Foster will consent to run for Congress in his district. If he does so, it will be against his wishes and in deference to the demands of the party. His district is Democratic by 1,500, but he is personally strong enough to overcome that majority. As for our state ticket, however, I can safely predict that we shall carry it by from 20,000 to 25,000 majority."

"Is Senator Sherman a candidate for the Presidency?"

"No one but himself can say. He is a wonderfully strong man—perhaps too strong—but if he has any such intentions he is keeping them to himself."

"Do you think that the difference of opinion on the tariff held by McKinley and Blaine will harm your party?"

"I hardly think so. The tariff is an immense subject to handle, and many views must be expressed to get at the truth. Now ideas are unfolding constantly, but when the bill is passed it will, I believe, be found to be in conformity with the leading Republican thought and something which every member of the party will support."

"Will the Senate, think you, pass the House bill?"

"With the addition of several amendments, with which the House will doubtless concur."

THE NORTHERN STORM.

Seven Persons Killed and Many Houses Ruined.

A straight wind from the northwest struck Fargo at 2:30 a. m., July 7. Great damage was done in the city. Eloctric light towers were blown down, whole blocks were unroofed. Yerxa's wigwam, McGill & Co.'s warehouse, the opera-house, the *Republican* office, Keeney block, the battlement on the Bank of North Dakota, the Chapin block, Exchange Hotel, Continental block and Manitoba freight house were unroofed, and the Milwaukee depot blown down. Dozens of small houses were razed, and almost every plate glass window on Front street and Broadway was broken. The Jay Cook hotel and the Grand Pacific at Moorhead were unroofed. The residence of the late Capt. McCarthy, corner Fifth and Ninth, was struck by the storm and demolished. Several children were instantly killed and Mrs. McCarthy is not expected to live. Two unknown tramps sleeping in a box car were killed.

No. 1 passenger train on the Northern Pacific going west had just pulled out of the yards and had stopped at the Milwaukee crossing. The train was made up of three baggage, mail coaches and sleepers, a party of Chicago & Northwestern officials in a private car, and Superintendent McCabe's car. All of the coaches and tender were blown from the track, but no lives were lost. The lights had been put out, so that there was no fire nor steam. Superintendent McCabe and the conductor, brakemen and the porters acted very coolly and calmed the frightened passengers, who were sent back to the city in special coaches.

From the surrounding country within a radius of thirty miles reports of damage to growing crops come in. Many places where wheat was standing two or three feet high, and heading out, reports say it is badly lodged and in some instances whipped and torn to pieces or broken off, but in the majority of cases it will not suffer material injury. Farm houses, barns and outbuildings in all directions are reported leveled to the ground, and trees along the river banks for miles in both directions from this city are broken off entire or shorn of foliage.

Casselton reports bridges in all directions washed out or blown away, and other places report as follows;

Mapleton—Nearly every building in town bears marks of the storm. No one seriously, but many slightly hurt.

Durbin—Heavy hail storm, accompanied by wind, and great damage done to crops of all kinds. The track of the hailstorm was about two and a half miles wide and twenty miles long.

Wheatland—Numerous buildings were blown down and the damage to crops by hail was considerable.

Page—Nine miles and two horses were killed by one flash of lightning, which ran along a wire fence, striking the animals huddled together in a corner. Gen. Sargent's barn, 60x125, was completely demolished and the contents, consisting of farm machinery and utensils were scattered far and wide.

The wire service out of the city is so badly demoralized that only meager reports can be obtained or sent, but from all directions come about the same stories as above.

New Orleans Flooded and Swept By a Heavy Wind Storm.

A storm of considerable power broke over New Orleans at 11 o'clock on July 7, and did quite an amount of damage to buildings, telegraph and telephone poles and trees in the city. In about an hour after the storm had abated, Western Union telegraph lines were repaired, but the telephone wires were wrecked to such an extent that days will be required to get them in order. The wind came from the northeast, then shifted to north, next took a quick veer northwestward and the storm broke with fury. Rain fell in solid slanting sheets and soon the streets were flooded. Some telegraph and many telephone poles were prostrated in several parts of the city, windows were broken and trees uprooted.

COL. LEN HARRIS DEAD.

A Noted Cincinnatian Passes Away Suddenly.

Col. L. A. Harris died at Cincinnati on July 5. He was a member of the board of managers of the national soldiers' homes. He served with distinction during the war of the rebellion, is an ex-mayor of Cincinnati, and was at one time collector of internal revenue in the Cincinnati district.

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OHIO POLITICS.

Another Address Issued by the National Association.

The officers of the Wool Growers' National association is closely watching the course of the legislation at Washington and have prepared an address to their constituents on the subject:

Our duty requires us to advise you of dangers to your industry that demand attention:

First—Senator Hale's amendment to the McKinley bill, if adopted, will admit wool free of duty, from all the nations of this hemisphere. Mr. Cleveland's free wool recommendation was no worse. South American wools would supplant domestic wools and your industry would perish. The Republican platform would be violated, the principles of protection surrendered and the production of the wool necessary for cloth